

LITTELL'S LIVING

645 Public Library

LITTELL & CO.,

No. 31 Bedford Street,
BOSTON.

THE ONLY REMAINING
COMPLETE SETS
OF
THE LIVING AGE,
AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

The publishers have a small number of Complete Sets of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, which they offer at a large reduction from former prices.

As the Sets cannot be reprinted, the last opportunity is now offered not only to procure them cheaply, but to procure them at all.

The last number of the year 1872 completed the *Fourth Series*, and the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume*, from the beginning of the publication. The regular price of volumes has been, in numbers, *two dollars* per volume, or, bound in cloth, *three dollars* per volume. The publishers now offer the Complete Sets to the close of 1872 (115 volumes), as follows:—

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at one-half the subscription price, viz.: \$1.00 per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, at \$1.75 per volume.

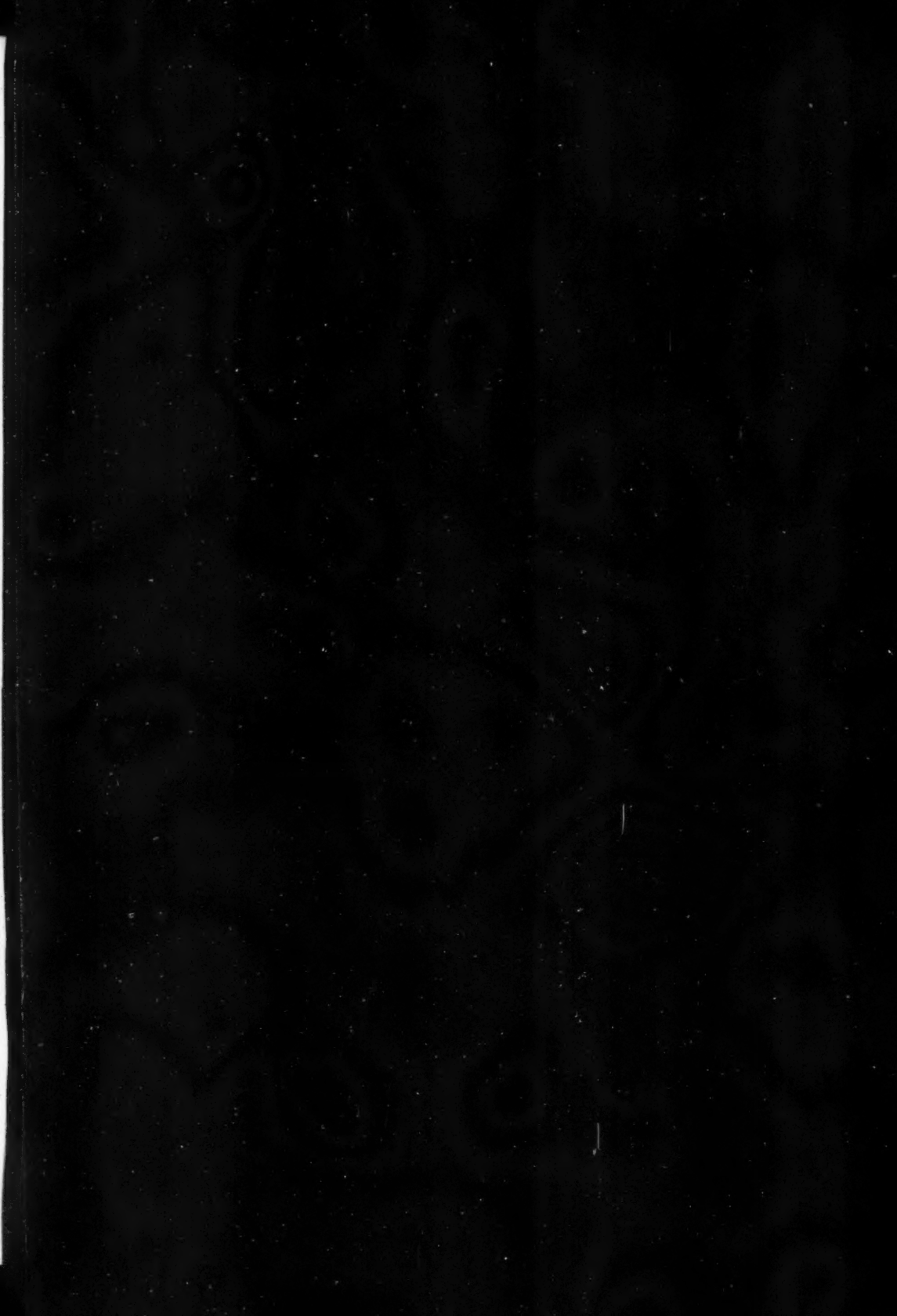
Purchasers of Complete Sets of the First Four Series may at their option, include the whole, or any part, of the *Fifth Series*, to the end of 1886 (56 volumes), at the same rate.

A few surplus sets of the FIRST SERIES (36 volumes), remain, which will be sold separately, at the same rate, if desired. No other *Series* can be sold separately.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with three times the money for which it is here offered; and while this reduction in price places Sets within the reach of individuals possessing or forming private libraries, the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College, or School Libraries is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill. Address

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LIX. }

No. 2254. — September 3, 1887.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. ON THE LAWS REGULATING THE ENJOYMENT OF PROPERTY. By Lord Coleridge,	<i>Glasgow Herald</i> ,	579
II. MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S. Part XI.,	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> ,	588
III. THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	594
IV. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part XX.,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	606
V. THE DOLOMITES OF THE PEGNITZ,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	620
VI. THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	625
VII. DOGS IN GERMANY,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	632
VIII. USE AND ABUSE OF THE PIANO,	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> ,	638
IX. THE PLETHORA OF FRUIT,	<i>Daily News</i> ,	639

POETRY

GASTIBELZA,	578 A CHILD'S DAY,	578
MISCELLANY,		640

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

GASTIBELZA.

BALLAD BY VICTOR HUGO.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

GASTIBELZA, he of the carabine,
Sang thus one day:
Have any of you seen my Sabine—
Sabine, I say?
Darkness creeps yonder o'er the Mont Falu,
Dance and be glad.
The wind that blows across that mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

Have any of you seen my Sabine—
My señora?
Her mother was a witch, the Mangrabine
Of Antequora,
Who like a night-owl screamed in the Tour
Magne
With note so sad.
The wind that blows across the mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

Dance, comrades, sing! Ah! frolic and enjoy
Your hour of glee.
She was so young—her eyes too full of joy
Oft saddened me.
Fling a small coin, good sirs, to an old man
Led by a lad.
The wind that blows across yon mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

Ah! by her side ugly had looked the queen,
When day grew dim,
And tripping toward the bridge she might be
seen,
In bodice trim.
A rosary of the emperor Charlemagne's day
Around her neck she had.
The wind that blows across the mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

I knew not if I dared to love Sabine,
But I know this:
That to have had one smile from her, my
queen,
For that brief bliss,
I'd have been ten years a poor galley-slave,
Ay, and been glad.
The wind that blows across yon mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

When all the sky one brilliant summer day
Was glad and blue;
She came down to the stream to sport and
play—
Her sister too.
I saw the sister's feet glance to and fro,
Saw a bare knee.
The winds that blow across yon hills, I know,
Will madden me!

When I saw Sabine—I who watch my herd
Of sheep all day,
I thought 'twas Cleopatra; who, I heard
Somebody say,
Used to lead Cæsar, the great German king,
By a silk cord she had.
The wind that blows across yon mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

Ah, dance! ah, sing! Sabine—Sabine one day
Sold everything,
Her dove-like beauty, virtue—all, I say,
For a gold ring.
The Count de Serdagne's ring, a gay gold
ring,
A jewelled ring he had.
The wind that blows across yon mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

Sirs, let me sit upon this bench, I pray,
My limbs are old.
With that gay count my Sabine went away,
My tale is told;
Along the road that crosses yonder range,
In splendor clad.
The wind that blows across that mountain-top
Will drive me mad!

I saw them as they passed my poor abode;
No more I know,
Except it be that life since seems a load,
That tires me so.
Idly I wander. They have hid away
The arms I had.
The wind that blows across yon mountain-top
Has driven me mad!

A CHILD'S DAY.

WHEN I was a little child
It was always golden weather.
My days stretched out so long
From rise to set of sun.
I sang and danced, and smiled—
My light heart like a feather—
From morn to even-song;
But the child's days are done.

I used to wake with the birds—
The little birds wake early,
For the sunshine leaps and plays
On the mother's head and wing—
And the clouds were white as curds;
The apple-trees stood pearly;
I always think of the child's days
As one unending Spring.

I knew where all flowers grew.
I used to lie in the meadow
Ere reaping-time and mowing-time
And carting home the hay.
And oh, the skies were blue!
Oh, drifting light and shadow!
It was another time and clime—
The little child's sweet day.

And in the long day's waning
The skies grew rose and amber
And palest green and gold,
With a moon's white flame:
And if came wind and raining,
Grey hours I don't remember;
Nor how the warm year waxed cold,
And deathly Autumn came.

Spectator.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

From The Glasgow Herald.
ON THE LAWS REGULATING THE ENJOYMENT OF PROPERTY.

PART OF AN ADDRESS TO THE GLASGOW JURIDICAL SOCIETY.

BY LORD COLERIDGE.

THERE are many examples which I might refer to in proof of the position I am endeavoring to maintain, that men confound forms with the substance of which they are the outward manifestations; and deal with those who differ from them in point of form as if they were denying the existence of that of which various forms are but the various clothings. In the present day there is perhaps nothing as to which this confusion is greater and more mischievous than as to property itself, the idea, the principle of property, and as to the laws of property, the rules by which the practical enjoyment of property is regulated in these islands. The distinction is surely obvious, so obvious that one would think no one could dispute it. Perhaps, indeed, in words no one does dispute it, but although it undoubtedly exists it is as undoubtedly and utterly forgotten, and forgotten not only by men who cannot grasp a clear thought and who purposely pass it by, but by men of reflection and cultivation who seem to lose in their dealings with this question the judgment and temper which education ought to create or to improve.

Let me explain what I mean. The right of property, that is the right to possess peaceably what you have yourself acquired, underlies all society; some sort of right is taken for granted in all communities, even the most savage; without some such right no society could exist, and perhaps Sir John Lubbock has proved that by some animals at least, if not by all, this right is recognized. Now, what is that right? You will find it very well put by Sir W. Blackstone in his second book. You will find it still better put, if I may presume to say so, in the "Treatise on the Law of Forfeiture," which remains the sole evidence to these times of the powers and accomplishments of the brilliant but unhappy Charles Yorke. "The end of property," says he, "is subsistence, by which end nature has branded our pre-

tensions to it. Hence, in a state of nature we cannot assume more than we use, nor hold it longer than we have it, longer than we live and are capable of using it. The manner of acquiring property in a state of nature is by occupancy, an act of the body not of the mind, which last would give a title to property too precarious and disputable. In transferring property the consent expressed gives a right to the alienee against the alienor, and occupancy confirms that right against every one else. But after death there can be no such expression. All other modes of transmission or acquiring are acts of positive and civil law, which prevents the property of the dead from reverting, as it would do in a state of nature, to the common stock; and no such modes are manners of acquiring property necessary for the subsistence of mankind, or to support the purposes of nature. *Filius est nomen nature, hæres juris.*" I have summarized Charles Yorke, using, as far as possible, his own words, but you may find the same thing elaborately described by Blackstone in the beginning of his second book, and by the writers whom Blackstone himself quotes from and adopts. You will find it also very clearly shown in these and other writers of authority on grounds of reason, and by the distinct evidence of history, that all the complicated and conflicting systems, by which in various civilized countries the powers of the possessors of property have been in various ways now narrowed, now enlarged, are systems of positive law, in England (I do not presume to speak of Scotland) generally of statute law, and that the right of property, as Mr. Austen has shown, has never existed even in its most absolute form without some restriction.

The right of inheritance, a purely artificial right, has been in England at different times and in different districts very variously dealt with. Primogeniture, which has been with some persons almost a religion — if I spoke my mind I should say a superstition — is probably, as the ancient customs of Berkshire, of Devonshire, of Kent, and the widely spread custom of borough English seem to show, not the earliest, not even in well-ascertained

historical times, the most general rule of descent in England. The history of English entail, its origin, its object, its aim, and the mode in which its exercise was limited and its aim defeated by the English courts — all this is familiar to every English lawyer. The power of devise, though it is said to have existed before the Norman Conquest, was rigidly limited in its application to land (and property in those days was practically land) till the reign of Henry VIII., and did not become really unrestricted before the time of Charles II. So again the power of aliening in mortmain was limited from the very earliest times in the very infancy of Parliament, the first statute being passed in the ninth Henry III. To me it seems, I must say, clear that this was notice to mankind that the English State claimed to prescribe the conditions on which its citizens should deal with property — according to one set of conditions when the property was to go to corporations; according to others if the land was to descend to heirs; to others if it was to be the subject of settlement or devise. It seems also to be reasonably clear that the power which prescribes rules can alter them, that plain absurdities would follow if this were not so, and that the consent of nations and the practice of ages has long since established this simple truth. But the consequences which follow from it are not always apprehended or recognized by those whom they concern. You will hear men talk as if a rule, once laid down, were laid down forever, as if the rules of enjoyment became part of the thing enjoyed, and as if any one who presumed to question the wisdom of the rules questioned the existence of that which is the subject of the rules, and that he who dares to propose an alteration should propose it, as in the old Greek republic, with a halter round his neck. This seems absurd enough, but I put it to any one of common fairness of mind and the most ordinary knowledge of history whether it is not now too much the fact, and whether it was not in times not quite gone by awfully and disgracefully the fact.

In Blackstone's time there were one hundred and sixty felonies punishable with

death, and as not few of these had reference to the defence of life or person, the vast majority of these statutable crimes were made crimes in defence of property, and the statutes which created them were statutes to protect the enjoyment of property. In the time of Sir Samuel Romilly, the contemporary, remember, of Lord Byron, of Wordsworth, of Mr. Canning, of Sir Robert Peel, it was capital to steal in a dwelling-house to the value of 40s., capital to steal in a shop to the value of 5s., capital to counterfeit the stamps used in the sale of perfumery, capital to counterfeit those used in a certificate for hair-powder, capital to cut down a hop-vine growing in a hop-plantation; capital, I believe (but I cannot verify this statement, so take it as doubtful), to cut down a cherry-tree in Kent. In a song by George Cruikshank, in 1850, rejoicing over the passing away of the good old times, he states (I give it on his authority alone): —

Their manure, they said, was bad for the game,
And rendered the flavor stronger;
So they made it death to manure the land,
Thank God *that* lasts no longer.

We may thank God for it, but we should remember that all these horrors were abolished by slow degrees, and in the face of the most determined resistance by men whom I cannot call great, but who were certainly men of great ability and high character, who based their resistance always on the ground that to abolish these terrible laws was to attack property, and that to attack property successfully was to subvert society itself. Read the life of Sir Samuel Romilly; read what he tried to do, but what he never could do; remember who resisted him, and successfully resisted him, and on what grounds, and then let any man say whether the language I have used is in any degree too strong.

But it may be said, why trouble us with these examples of a state of feeling long since passed away, as dead as special pleading, as old-world as the curfew or the sale of a ward's marriage. For this reason — the feeling is not dead; the confusion of thought which is supposed to justify the feeling is as prevalent as ever,

though the particular examples of it may exist no longer. It has been shown from reason and upon authority that the great and beneficent institution of property rests upon the general advantage, and this position has been developed and illustrated with great power by Mr. Austen in his third lecture. The particular rules by which the enjoyment of property is regulated, differing in every country in the world, must rest at last upon one and the same foundation—the general advantage. I have been surprised to see the position questioned by writers who, I crave leave to think, have not seriously considered what they say; but in this respect the laws of property resemble all other laws. The defence of any law must ultimately rest on this, that it ensues to the general advantage. Despots, if they condescend to a defence of their despotism, base it on this ground. In free countries I cannot conceive of any law standing on any other. The object of the restrictions placed in England for many centuries upon powers of settlement and devise is invariably stated to have been to prevent mischievous accumulation of property in few hands, and the opposite tendency of the military character of the feudal system was justified by considerations which, assuming that system to be for the general advantage, were not without their weight. The rule against perpetuities, however largely limited in operation by the ingenuity of lawyers, was avowedly based on the same general ground of public good. It seems an elementary proposition that a free people can deal as it thinks fit with its common stock, and can prescribe to its citizens rules for its enjoyment, alienation, and transmission. Yet in practice this seems to be anything but admitted. There are estates on these islands of more than a million acres; these islands are not very large; it is plainly conceivable that estates might grow to fifteen million acres or to more. Further, it is quite reasonably possible that the growth of a vast emporium of commerce might be checked, or even a whole trade lost to the country by the simple will of one, or it may be more than one, great land-owner.

Sweden is a country, speaking compara-

tively, small and poor; but I have read in a book of authority that in Sweden at the time of the Reformation three-fifths of the land was in mortmain, and what was actually the fact in Sweden might come to be the fact in Great Britain. These things might be for the general advantage, and if they could be shown to be so, by all means they should be maintained. But if not, does any man with anything which he is pleased to call his mind, deny that a state of law under which such mischief could exist, under which a country itself would exist, not for its people, but for a mere handful of them, ought to be instantly and absolutely set aside? Certainly there are men who, if they do not assent, imply the negative.

A very large coal-owner some years ago interfered with a high hand in one of the coal centres. He sent for the workmen, he declined to argue, but he said, stamping with his foot upon the ground, "All the coal within so many square miles is *mine*, and if you do not instantly come to terms not a hundredweight of it shall be brought to the surface, and it shall all remain unworked." This utterance of his was much criticised at the time. By some it was held up as a subject for panegyric and a model for imitation; the manly utterance of one who would stand no nonsense, determined to assert his rights of property and to tolerate no interference with them. By others it was denounced as insolent and brutal, and it was suggested that if a few more men said such things, and a few more acted on them, it would very probably result in the coal-owners having not much right of property left to interfere with. To me it seemed then, and seems now, an instance of that density of perception and inability to see distinctions between things inherently distinct of which I have said so much. I should myself deny that the mineral treasures under the soil of a country belong to a handful of surface proprietors in the sense in which this gentleman appeared to think they did. That fifty or a hundred gentlemen, or a thousand, would have a right, by agreeing to shut the coal mines, to stop the manufactures of Great Britain and to paralyze her commerce seems to

me, I must frankly say, unspeakably absurd. It is not even the old idea about such things—coal mining is comparatively recent—but the custom of branding as to tin in Cornwall, the customs of the High Peak in Derbyshire as to lead, the legal rule as to gold and silver everywhere, are enough to show that in these matters the general advantage was in former days openly and avowedly regarded, and that when rights of private property interfered with it they were summarily set at naught. To extend to coal and copper the old law applicable to tin and lead may be wise or foolish, but is surely no more an assault on property itself than was the old law which prescribed that, in certain places and under certain circumstances, the owner of the surface should not prevent the winning of mineral treasure by others entirely unconnected with him. It is not to the point to say that these laws were found to be inconvenient, and have in some places and to some extent been abrogated. It may be so. That they were not in practice found to be for the general advantage is a very good reason for abrogating them. But that they existed and had to be modified on grounds of expediency is a proof of the point for which I am contending—namely, that these old laws show that the distinction I think so important was early and largely recognized; and that while property itself was acknowledged the laws of its enjoyment were regulated according to what was thought to be the general advantage. I am told, but I do not know of my own knowledge, that the laws in Prussia against the land-owner and in favor of the discoverer and winner of mineral treasures are still more stringent than those of Cornwall and Derbyshire, yet, I suppose, that no one will contend that in Prussia the laws of property are disregarded, or that the principle of property is unsafe.

Take again, for a moment, the case of perpetuities, to which I have more than once alluded, as exemplified in gifts, or in what by a common but strange abuse of language are called "munificent" bequests to religious or charitable objects. Persons either not capable of attributing definite meaning to their language or at least not accustomed to do so, talk of any interference with such dispositions as immoral, and brand it as sacrilege. The wisest clergyman who ever lived, as Mr. Arnold calls Bishop Butler, pointed out nearly one hundred and fifty years ago that a property is and must be regulated by the laws of the community; that we

may with a good conscience retain any property whatever, whether coming from the Church or no, to which the laws of the State give title, but no man can give what he did not receive; and that, as no man can himself have a perpetuity, so he cannot give it to any one else. No answer has ever been attempted to Bishop Butler's; none seems possible; yet men go on like the priest and Levite, pass it by on the other side, and repeat the parrot cry of immorality and sacrilege without ever taking the trouble to clear their minds, perhaps being congenitally unable to do so, or to ascertain whether there is any argument which will "hold" upon which to justify the charge. These are they who "might move the wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds unlawful ever," and from whom I part with this one word. There may be abundant and very good reasons for maintaining the inviolability of all gifts or bequests in perpetuity, there may be abundant and very good reasons for maintaining the contrary, but to call names does not advance an argument, abuse is not reasoning, and moderate and reasonable men are apt to distrust the soundness of a cause which needs such arts and employs such weapons. Furthermore, it is often said that you may no doubt alter the laws of property on a proper case being shown for the alteration. Sensible men see that what Bishop Butler calls "plain absurdities" follow from any other doctrine. It would indeed be difficult, in the face of railway bills, gas bills, water bills, tramway bills, docks bills, harbor bills—the catalogue is endless—passed by the hundred every year through both Houses of Parliament, to deny that private property may be rightly interfered with for the public good, even when the public is represented chiefly, if not entirely, by a small band of speculators.

But then, it is said, you have no right to do it except on proper compensation. I ask respectfully, however, what is the exact meaning of these words, especially "right" and "proper"? Is the absolute right—right I say, not power, for that no man questions—is the absolute *right* of the State intended to be denied to deal with the common stock with or without compensation; and by proper compensation is it meant that the compensation is to be proper in the opinion of the person compensated, or the person compensating, or of whom? Or is it intended to say only that any change in the tenure of property or of the laws of property made

by law should be made with as little suffering to individuals as may be, and with as much consideration as possible for the present holders and present expectants of property, whether real or personal? If the latter proposition is intended, no man in his senses will differ from it. Men to whose personal loss the law is altered are, as matter of common fairness, to be considered in every way, and nothing should be done to their detriment which it is possible to avoid. Every one will agree in this. But if the right is questioned, and if the sufficiency of the compensation is to be determined by the person compensated, let this be considered. A foreign army lands or a foreign fleet threatens our coasts. The general in command of this district, in the name of the sovereign or of the State, orders the destruction of a house which, if left standing, might be an important military position for the invading army, or it may be, as a military precaution, a large tract of cultivated country — gardens, orchards, or the like — has to be laid entirely waste. Have the owners a claim — a legal right — to compensation? It has been decided for centuries, in accordance with good sense, most certainly not. *Salus populi suprema lex.*

Take another case which has actually happened. Parliament supplies the funds for a great public and national harbor, created by a huge breakwater, which the officers of the sovereign construct. The effect of this great national work is to turn the tide of the sea full on to the lands of a beach-bounded proprietor some miles off, who could only save his land from utter destruction by the erection of a long and massive sea-wall. Has he a claim, a legal right, to compensation? Again I answer, most certainly not. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Many other cases might be put to which the answer would be the same, but these are enough for my purpose.

And now as to the sufficiency of the compensation. The property is taken, and often in the opinion of him who loses it no compensation is sufficient. Suppose the possessor of an ancient and beautiful house, endeared to him by a thousand tender and noble memories, is told that he must part with it for the public good. The public good comes to him, perhaps, represented by an engineer, a contractor, an attorney, a Parliamentary agent, and a Parliamentary counsel. He is very likely well off in point of money, and does not at all want the compensation, but he is a man of feeling, or, if you will, of imagina-

tion, and he does want his house. He does not believe in the public caring two straws for the railway between Eatanswill and Mudborough. He thinks it hard that the engineer and the rest of them should pull down his old hall, and shut up his beautiful pleasure-grounds. But he is told that the public good requires it, that a jury will give him compensation, and that he has no cause for complaint, and told sometimes by the very people who, when it is proposed to apply the same process for the same reasons to other rights or laws of property, are frantic in their assertion of these laws, and vehemently maintain that to touch one of them is to assail the existence of property and denounce society. Once more, let us see things as they are, and recognize distinctions, admit consequences, clear our minds, and if we must differ, as probably we must, let us differ without calling names or imputing motives. These are individual instances; but all history, and in a high degree the history of these islands, is full of examples, in which the principle has been unhesitatingly applied to whole classes in the name of the public good. To corporations it has been constantly extended as individuals who have had to submit to deprivation of property and consequent loss of position without a shadow of compensation. Monasteries, colleges, convents, corporation boroughs and other corporations, have all at different times of our history, and under different circumstances, had their property taken from them for the general welfare, sometimes by compulsory sale, sometimes by simple removal. Great proprietors in many cases now stand in the place of these corporations without any injury to the principle of property, though as a consequence of great changes in the laws regulating its enjoyment, and if in times to come, by the same means, and for the same reason, other classes of the nation were to stand in the place of these great proprietors, it would not more follow then than it has followed now that the principle of property would be assailed, though the laws by which it is enjoyed might change.

All the laws of property must stand upon the footing of general advantage; a country belongs to the inhabitants; in what proportion and by what rules its inhabitants are to own it must be settled by the law, and the moment a fragment of the people set up rights inherent in themselves, and not founded on the public good, "plain absurdities" follow. This, at least, seems to have been the view

which, consciously or unconsciously, governed the English lawyers who invented, so greatly to the general advantage, the laws of copyhold. When the tenants had created the farms and built the homesteads on land which they held at the will of the lord, and out of which, by the theory of the law, they could be turned at his pleasure, though they had made the one and built the other, and in respect of which, by the same theory, the lord might have made them pay a heavy rent for what was the fruit of their own hands, the English lawyers intervened with the healing doctrine of the custom of the manor, by which fixity of tenure was secured to the tenant, and the lord's exactions were curbed within fixed and reasonable limits. Compulsory enfranchisement has followed of late years, but the mitigating effect of manorial custom in harsher times can hardly be over-rated; and the absence of such an influence in the sister island, where there are no manors, has sharpened and intensified those hostile feelings between the lord and the tenant, which are apt to grow up even in the most favorable circumstances, and under the best system of land laws in the world.

I cannot quit this subject without a word of respectful admiration for the manner in which the present lord chancellor, my honored friend of many years, is dealing with the laws relating to real property in England, and making large changes in them. These changes may not be all which some of us would desire, but I hope, if it ever reaches him, he will not be displeased at the hearty tribute paid by a political opponent to the courage, the wisdom, the true patriotism with which he is undertaking the task, difficult to a man in his position and with his opinions, of soothing and easing the transition, in these days inevitable, from feudalism to democracy. It is interesting in this relation to note the very different views taken by the same persons of substantially the same things, according to the point of view from which they are regarded.

We have heard a good deal lately — I do not say too much — of the enormous importance of maintaining the eighth commandment, and there can be no doubt that the eighth commandment is an elementary law of morals, and should be regarded as one of the vital principles of political ethics. But till very lately the eighth commandment had no application — at least in England — to the money of a wife if it came to her after marriage.

Lord Lyndhurst once said a man might steal his wife's money and use it to keep a mistress, and somehow or other this was not forbidden by the eighth commandment. As matter of history, the great difficulty in getting this commandment applied to the wife's property was raised by those who are most emphatic as to its obligations in other matters. After many struggles the power of stealing was forbidden up to £200. At this point the matter remained for some years. Then an attempt was made to extend the prohibition to all the wife's property, but the measure was swept away with scorn by a great nobleman who, on questions of this sort, held the House of Lords in the hollow of his hand. A few years passed, and the same great nobleman carried the same bill as his own, without a word of acknowledgment on his part, or of remonstrance on that of the authors of it, who were too glad of the result to say a single syllable as to his breach of his great precept.

Again there are points connected with the law of distress, and, I presume, of hypothec (though here I speak with the becoming diffidence of an ignorant English lawyer), the justice of which, at least to the ordinary and uninstructed mind, certainly seems to need explanation. To seize one man's goods who owes nothing to any one to pay the debt of another does at first sight seem a breach of the eighth commandment. But it is still the law in England as to ajisted cattle, and as to all goods except such as are protected by the Lodgers' Act of very recent times. And I remember very well a very honorable man, a friend of mine, who rented a handsome set of rooms in London, and who was also landlord of a large farm near London. He had duly paid his rent, but some valuable property of his was seized by the superior landlord of the town, to whom he owed nothing, and this he thought oppressive and unjust; but he seized without a pang the cattle of a man who owed him nothing which had been ajisted on land occupied by his tenant, who owed him rent, and this he maintained to be a just and proper exercise of the rights of property. I have not invented his example. My friend was a very intelligent man, and I give the facts as an instance of how the point of view may distort the vision, and how hard it is for even the best of us to keep the head cool and the mind unclouded. How the owner of ajisted cattle looked upon my friend's seizure I do not know.

Again, a great nobleman and a millionaire, who owns half the land in a county, hungers after the possession of the other half; and the indulgence in this land hunger is a dignified and honorable taste, inspired by high feeling worthy of a man of rank and wealth, and by all means to be encouraged. A poor peasant hungers after the possession of a few acres which he occupies, but his land hunger for that which is to him, as Lord-Chancellor Blackburn said, a necessity of life, for the soil which he has reclaimed, and for the hut which he has built, this is a breach of the spirit and letter of the Decalogue, something between petty larceny and highway robbery, to be condemned by all well-educated and rightly affected men, forbidden by the rules of political economy, and its indulgence discouraged, and, as far as may be, made impossible by law. Yet surely both hungers are alike defensible, alike permissible — nay, perhaps the hunger of the peasant is the better of the two, so far as the desire for sustenance is better than the love of power.

We may assume that, as a rule, no change in the laws of property or the condition of its enjoyment are likely to be made, or ought to be made, except either with the consent of persons affected by the change, or with compensation if his assent is not given. What should be the terms of compensation, and whether any but the actual owners of property should receive it, are details, not principles, and it would be unprofitable to discuss them. The rule, no doubt, will always be what I have stated. But a very slight acquaintance with English history is enough to tell us that this rule has been by no means universally observed; and the long series of Parliamentary resumptions of crown grants from the time of Henry III. to the time of William III. proves this statement beyond question. Some of these acts were no doubt procured by the kings themselves, but some certainly were passed by no means to please the reigning sovereign, and when the lands and other revenues allotted for the service of the king and of the State have been parted with, Parliaments, at least in England, have seldom failed to relieve and to restore affairs by acts of resumption.

The whole history and the details of this question are to be found in a small volume published about the end of the reign of William III., under the title of "A Discourse upon Grants and Resumptions." I quote from the second edition published

in London in the year 1700. The author of it, as I am informed by the librarian of the Middle Temple, was Dr. Charles Davenant, son of Sir William Davenant, the author of "Gondibert," who asserted himself to be the son of Shakespeare. Dr. Davenant was inspector of plays, and his work was highly praised by Sir John Sinclair and by the Duke of Grafton, whom we know through Junius. Whether he deserved in all his writings the praise they gave him, I cannot pretend to say; but his work seems to me to be full of information, collected from sources not generally or readily accessible, and it is put together with an unusual amount of ability and literary skill. The instances there collected seem to me to show with great fulness of authority that property is not inherently in this class or in that, or in this man or in that, but laws of property are, like all other laws, made by the State for the State, and are the expression of what is from time to time the judgment of that cultivated intelligence which in a free country controls and leads the opinion of the State upon the various subjects of the laws. It is very true that all change, or almost all change, of the laws of property affects either existing rights or rights which reversioners might naturally regard as certainly coming to themselves. This is a reason why, as I have already said, every such change should be made with care and tenderness, without unnecessary disturbance, with compensation satisfactory, if it may be, even to the persons unfavorably affected by the change, and doing no violence to the great principle that right must not be compassed by wrong, nor evil done that good may come of it. But it is not wrong to change the law on good reason and fair terms; it is not evil to vindicate the supremacy of the State over that which is being employed for its destruction.

I have spoken in the abstract, and have discussed principles and not details, because I have been struck with the mischief done by the unquestioned assertion of so-called principles, which I think false and absurd, and which, if admitted, would bind us down with adamant chains which we could never break, because it would be immoral even to attempt to remove them; and it would be well that all owners of property, from the largest to the smallest, should recognize distinctly that their title to the enjoyment of it must rest upon the same foundation, — law, whether positive or presumptive: law,

which is practical and intelligible, not upon anything sacred, or mystical and transcendental; and that the mode and measure of their enjoyment of the common stock of the State, if it injures the State, can no more be defended, and will no more endure, than can any other public mischief or nuisance, be it criminal or be it civil. All this will be found insisted upon by the great writer, Mr. Austen, to whom I have more than once referred, and expressed by him with an ability which I wait for in vain, and an authority to which I can make no pretensions.

It is no doubt often said that to change the laws of property involves, as a rule, an interference with free contract; and that to interfere with freedom of contract is a mischievous violation of one of the elementary doctrines of political economy. I am certainly not so foolish as to attack freedom of contract, or to deny that, as a general rule, it is the soundest foundation for business relations between man and man, or to question that, speaking generally, to interfere with it is mischievous and demoralizing, unjust to those against whom we interfere, and injurious to the manliness and self-reliance of those in whose apparent interest the interference is made. But freedom of contract implies that both parties to it are really and not nominally free. There can be no free contract between a slave and his owner; none with a little child; none where one party to a so-called contract can impose, and the other party to it must accept its terms, however burdensome, however inherently unjust.

Under the truck system—I speak, I am sorry to say, from the evidence given before the last Truck Commission, and from the yearly reports of the inspectors of factories—it is possible to deliver over men and women into a degrading, hopeless, lifelong slavery, from which there is practically no escape, and against which there is practically no redress, by so arranging the payment of wages that a debt is created which can never be paid off, and the service is so hampered that it cannot be relinquished except at a sacrifice, always very serious, sometimes absolutely ruinous. The forms of full contract, however, are observed, and political economists of the doctrinaire order wax hot and almost rise into eloquence resisting all attempts to relieve the modern slave, lest the principle of freedom of contract should be even in appearance violated. But what is free will in a contract—not in

theological or metaphysical language, but in plain sense and according to common understanding? Aristotle, at the beginning of the third book of the *Nicomachean ethics*, has collected a number of instances in which, though the will is nominally free, the action cannot in any sense be called voluntary, and Aristotle might have taught our politico-economical friends with a wisdom and an intelligence which more than two thousand years have not availed to loosen, that a contract nominally free may be a cruel instrument of tyranny and oppression, to be denounced by moralists, and summarily set aside by fair and just laws. Where was the freedom of the almsgiver to the soldier in "Gil Blas," who "had mounted the barrel of a confounded long carbine on two sticks, and seemed to be taking aim at him" of whom he begged, and who had not the charity of those quiet subjects who had not the courage to refuse it? Where the freedom of Isaac of York in "Ivanhoe," who lent his money to Prince John? "But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly." "Willingly! the blotch of Egypt upon him—willingly, said thou—ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she labored in the tempest—rolled the seething billows in my choice silks, perfumed their brimmy foam with myrrh and aloes, enriched their caverns with gold and silver work. And was that not an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?" Examples and quotations might be multiplied without end; these are enough to show that there is no freedom of contract where the parties are not really free, and make us say with Mr. Austen, when we are pressed not to interfere with contracts which are free only in name, lest we should infringe this sacred principle, that "we hope we are not to have our throats crammed with rubbish of this sort." Let those who idolize freedom of contract remember what they generally forget, that they must, in consistency, denounce every statute which allows of and regulates bankruptcy from James VI. of Scotland to Mr. Chamberlain.

I should exhaust your patience if I were to extend to other subjects the treatment I have endeavored to apply to a few of those matters which we meet with every day, on which it is most important to have clear ideas, but as to which we have constantly to listen to, not intelli-

gent argument, not reasonable and discriminating criticism, but (if I may slightly vary a phrase which promises to become famous) "the dreary drip of doctrinaire declamation." What I have said aspires to no originality, pretends to no depth. It is commonplace enough, but I hope that it is true. Indeed, the things I have insisted on appear to me so trite that, to judge by what I hear around me, it is often forgotten that they are true. "That a thing is true," says Cardinal Newman, "is no reason that it should be said, but that it should be done; that it should be acted upon, that it should be made our own inwardly. Let us aim," he goes on, "at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean; let us aim at knowing when we understand a thing, and when we do not." "Iterations," says another great man (Lord Bacon), "are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the question, for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it cometh forth." I have tried to put a few things as they really are, to state them as they are in themselves, unobscured by passion, undisturbed by prejudice. I wish I may have in the smallest degree mitigated controversy by clearing the view of its subjects, or even made a man here and there think better of an opponent by a more accurate understanding of what it is which he opposes. In these days of fierce disputes it is something to ascertain the limits within which we are to contend, something to be assured that the contest is on matters which leave the great foundations on which society is built as secure as ever and entirely unassailed. It may serve in some humble fashion to assuage anger, mitigate dislike, enlarge and deepen charity. There is enough of evil in the world, enough of hatred amongst men, enough of absolutely essential differences. Let all who mean the same thing, though they do not use the same words, strive to clear their minds, and as a consequence make less of their differences and more of their sympathies. To contribute to this end in the humblest manner has been my object here to-night, and I now thank you heartily for your patience, which, like other virtues, has been its own sole reward, and end by adopting the unconscious imitation in the noble words of the great speech of Æschines of the last verses of the second book of Maccabees: "Here will I make an end; and if well, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

From Murray's Magazine.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS,
AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.

BOOK IV. — BACK AGAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

IN spite of such drawbacks to contentment as were entailed by a lack of proper enthusiasm in some quarters, there was no question that this affair of Porto Venero was an eminently happy one, and tided safely over the following days, which were again despairingly wet. Whatever was amiss with Algernon Cathers, self-satisfaction unquestionably agreed with him. He expanded visibly under the influence of his own achievement, and did not even think it necessary to refrain from flashing its brilliancy into other eyes. Although their life was sedulously kept apart from that of their fellow-sojourners at the Croce di Malta, a certain amount of acquaintanceship now and then sprang up, and in dull days, when out-of-door resources were unattainable, Algernon Cathers used often to descend to the hall or central space of the hotel, into which omnibuses laden with arrivals entered to deposit their load, but which was also used as a sitting-room or idling-room by visitors unprovided with such luxuries. There happened to be a rather pretty girl of the animated doll type just then in the hotel, to whom he devoted himself considerably, and who repaid his attentions by expending her small store of feminine ammunition for his benefit, possibly in default of any more remunerative target. Coming in with dripping mackintosh from an expedition through the rain, John Lawrence used to find the two established upon one of the little sofas in the hall, apparently upon the best terms possible with one another. He wondered rather what Lady Eleanor thought of this sudden and very undisguised flirtation, but to all appearances Lady Eleanor thought nothing. The hall was a very draughty place, and she once or twice suggested that her husband should take a cloak when he went there, otherwise her indifference, or her stoicism, appeared proof against any such assaults.

The doll-faced young lady seemed to be a personage of some resource, with attractions beyond those of even the best colored doll, for Algernon Cathers daily found her society more satisfactory. He would lounge down-stairs soon after breakfast, and luncheon time not unfrequently found him still by the side of Miss Green-

acre, that being the name of the young lady in question. When the weather recovered its temper he took *tête-à-tête* walks with her, and even invited her on board the yacht, an invitation which Lady Eleanor promptly endorsed, and accordingly a luncheon was arranged, at which that young lady duly made her appearance. There seemed to be no question about her belongings. The father was an unrepresentable old grampus, and the mother a decent sort of barnyard fowl, Algernon declared, and there was no need therefore to trouble their heads about them. The young woman herself seemed to the colonel to be the most commonplace little flirt conceivable, of a type severely familiar to him in early days in India. If she had a merit in his eyes, it was that the meretriciousness of her style had the effect of bringing Lady Eleanor's beauty into new relief. It seemed to him as if he had never till then so thoroughly realized it. Did her husband do so also? he sometimes wondered, or was his taste—so avowedly clamorous of beauty—sated with *that* style, that he must needs pursue small wandering flames as unlike it as could well be conceived?

It was hardly his place to complain, seeing that he profited not a little by the leisure thus afforded. He accompanied Lady Eleanor in several long walks—long, that is, for one whose anxieties were never really laid aside, and whose ear seemed always upon the alert in expectation of a sudden call. It seemed to him that in these walks he began at last to get glimpses into a country for which he had hitherto vainly sought a right of entrance—the country of her real self. It was not through any consciously opened vistas, but in the intimacy of daily intercourse hints fell, which a listener, eagerly upon the watch, could pick up and interpret as he chose.

At the bottom of all her sentiments with regard to her husband, it seemed to him that he now espied pity—an angel, certainly, but an angel with none of the golden tints of angelhood—a dim seraph rather with trailing wings and sad-tinted robes, and beside it patience, sublime, but also dim, and now and then a hint of penitence which was not to him by any means equally comprehensible. Love he believed to be dead, or if not actually dead, wounded past recovery. What had brought it to this pass, whether a multiplicity of small injuries, or one great crowning blow from which it never rallied, he could not tell, but it is only saying that he was human to

say that the discovery, if it were one, imparted a new zest to his intercourse, and an increasing desire to be allowed such rights as friendship may fairly claim, especially a friendship consecrated by so many years of service as his own.

They had a good deal of talk in those days, though it may be doubted whether any of that talk would prove worth the recording. Lady Eleanor had no pretensions to the title of clever woman, while the depth and breadth of John Lawrence's mental soundings the patient reader has had many opportunities of ascertaining before now. The note of their intercourse—so far as it could be said to have a note at all—was ethical rather than intellectual, especially on her side. It often indeed struck him with wonder how so eager and self-seeking a child could have sobered into so self-subdued and self-abnegating a woman, one to whom self seemed to be almost struck out of the catalogue of things thought of, and whose eagerness seemed to have mainly transmuted itself into an eager, a passionate desire, at all hazards, under all temptation, to cling to the right. To him there was a rarefaction about the very air she breathed, a moral clearing of the atmosphere which carried him insensibly away. Talking to her, he seemed to himself to stand at times on heights—moral, not mental—which he had never before caught sight of; which seemed to put the ordinary, easy-going, and provisional codes upon the level of a mere jail-evading morality. Yet there was nothing transcendental about Eleanor Cathers. She expounded no fine-spun tissue of morality too good for home use, and obliged to be kept like other fine things in a box. She was simple as a child, without a thought apparently beyond the daily and hourly routine, her husband's health, her children's doings, their plans for the summer, the hundred nothings which make up life. It was a deep, a passionate satisfaction to the poor colonel to find her thus, to learn daily to look deeper and deeper into the limpid depths of her nature; a sensible mitigation, too, of her husband's many offences to find that he had had no power to cast even the breath of an ill-omened shadow upon that flawless crystal. Commonplace man as he was, there was one respect in which John Lawrence was certainly not commonplace. He possessed an ideal love of perfection, and a recognition of it when found. He would have preferred to see her as she was, even at his own loss. Could he by a word have caused her to

descend from her pedestal, that word would — he swore it to himself — have remained forever unspoken. The previous impressions he had formed of her he flung away, one by one, as he might have flung away a photograph which no longer did her justice. As he saw her now, so he enthroned her in his soul, and so through all that remained of his life and hers he forever retained her.

That the situation was hackneyed to the degree of triteness — the very essence and embodiment of half a thousand novels and romances — this he neither knew nor thought about, his acquaintance with contemporary literature being in truth of the slightest. When of an evening he left the room where he had been sitting with her and wandered out into the twinkling Italian twilight, he was certainly conscious of being in the fullest sense of the word not his own but another's. She was more present, it seemed to him, at such moments than when they were actually together. Her image walked beside him, and her eyes sought the stars at the same moment as his own. After an hour spent in such solitary meanderings he used often to find that he had never for a single instant deviated even a hair's-breadth from her image, yet it is safe to say that he had never thought of her save as that crowned one whom the right of worshipping is, if not enough, at least all that it is conceivable to think of. It takes an exceptional man, the reader will perhaps say, no less than an exceptional woman, to keep matters long at this point; but if so, then in this as in some few other respects, John Lawrence was exceptional.

So matters went on for about a fortnight, to the high satisfaction of one at least of the party. One morning, however, after a long spell of apparent contentment, Algernon Cathers suddenly pronounced Spezia the most detestable place in all Italy. He was sick to death, he said, of listening to their perpetual drummings and trumpetings, and of hearing the trowels rap-tapping upon those ridiculous fortifications of theirs. Modern Italy, with her arsenals, and her docks, and her ironclads, her blatant self-satisfaction, and her patent exploding apparatus, was the most abominable and nefarious institution extant, and ought to be put down with a high hand, and certainly not encouraged by people who might know better, staying at the very headquarters of it all. He voted if they were not going home like rational people, they should adjourn to Pisa, where they would still be within reach of the

Veda, and where the old original Italy was still, to some degree, alive, or rather moribund, which was all that she ought ever to presume to be.

Possibly this sudden æsthetic impatience may have been stimulated by an irritation of a more direct kind. Within the last two days there had been an addition to the party. Young Lord Mordaunt, Lady Eleanor's brother, after having long been expected, had suddenly appeared upon the scene. He had got first leave, after all, he explained, instead of second, and so had come. He was nearly three years younger than his sister, and as unlike her as could readily be imagined. "A perfect Thistlebury," his mother always informed her friends; short, reddish-haired, freckled, with an air of having got off a horse sometime within the last ten minutes; a good-humored, well-mannered, not too obtrusively empty-headed specimen of the genus guardsman, but an odd grandson somehow, the colonel, who had never seen him before, thought, for Lady Mordaunt, and a yet odder brother for Lady Eleanor.

Such as he was, he found much favor in the beady blue eyes of little Miss Greenacre, who, with the unblushing inconstancy of her sex and type, promptly threw over her first admirer in order to concentrate all her powers of captivation upon the new arrival. Certainly the former might have consoled himself by reflecting that personal admiration had little probably to say to the matter. Let his superiority be what it would, a mere married man, brought into opposition with an unmarried viscount and a guardsman — the result could hardly be doubtful. This consideration apparently failed to console him. It was no more than a mosquito-bite to his vanity, but then he did not like mosquito-bites, and had never been accustomed to put up with them. He attacked little Miss Greenacre's manners, appearance, and general deportment that evening at dinner with the most savage lash at his command, a lash which left her absolutely nothing, not even a complexion. His brother-in-law laughed, but gave himself no trouble to defend her, and even Colonel Lawrence's wonted chivalry failed to come to the rescue, so that the only person who took the part of the assailed damsel was Lady Eleanor, who maintained that there was no question about her prettiness, and that they must both have been very badly snubbed by her, or they would never be so vindictive.

The end of it was that next day the

Spezia camp broke up, and the whole party, with its train of encumbrances animate and inanimate, were conveyed down the line to Pisa, where they took up their quarters at an hotel whose chief recommendation, at any rate at first sight, seemed to be that of throwing the hitherto disregarded virtues of the Croce di Malta into new relief.

The poor colonel was perfectly aware that this was a suitable, nay, an admirable opportunity for him to break that tie which had hitherto connected his own movements with those of the Catherses. He was not, unfortunately, equally willing to avail himself of that opportunity. Whatever might have been the case a month earlier, he needed little persuading, poor fellow, to stay now. Lady Eleanor did not say much, but she seemed to count upon him, and that was enough. Mordaunt would be going away in a day or two, she observed casually, and they would therefore be more solitary, if he left them, than ever. Her looks too were more eloquent than her words, and both decided him. He intended to go; nevertheless, as a matter of fact, he remained.

Half by way of joke she had lately taken his artistic education under her care, and now gave him strict orders not to venture at Pisa to confront the memorable group upon the Piazza del Duomo without her being present, as she wished, she said, to lay her finger, metaphorically speaking, upon his pulse, and see how it affected him. Her husband, she went on to add, soared so far out of her reach in matters of art, that as even as a pupil she could hardly follow him, and there was, therefore, no little satisfaction in finding some one over whom she, in her turn, could domineer, and lay down canons for his æsthetic regeneration. The colonel, as will readily be conceived, was willing enough in this or in anything else to follow her bidding, and no later than the morning after their arrival in Pisa, they made their expedition, her brother and husband having embarked upon a prolonged game of billiards at the hotel.

It was a lovely day, fresh and breezy, and the grass around the cathedral had not yet taken on its summer brownness. They stood a few minutes outside, gazing, as thousands have gazed before them, at the mysterious tower springing upwards and outwards, delicate story above delicate story, growing more and more out of the perpendicular, too, as it ascended. The sky was filled with soft fleecy clouds, scudding rapidly eastward. Against them

the storied column seemed endowed with life and movement. The eye followed it with a breathless, almost nervous interest.

"Would not one say it was moving?" Lady Eleanor exclaimed laughingly.

"Certainly," he answered. "Just upon the balance, and not quite certain where it means to alight."

"After keeping erect so long, it would be unkind to choose this morning for coming down, wouldn't it?" she responded. "Do let us hurry into the cathedral, though. I am sure it is not lucky to watch it."

They went in and wandered about. There were the usual straggling groups of *forestieri*, each with a red book grasped in his or her right hand, the usual slipshod guides eying those red books malevolently. The colonel had no red book, but he followed Lady Eleanor, and looked at what she pointed out to him with docility. She was not entirely satisfied, however, with his behavior. With the exception of the great bronze lamp which swings in the nave, and the carvings of some of the animals in the stalls of the choir, he exhibited no proper enthusiasm, she said, about anything. Even after they had left the cathedral and gone into the Campo Santo he did not rise to the proper mark. He followed her as before, and looked at the sky, and the cypresses, and even entered into some calculations as to the age of the latter, but the more legitimate attractions of the place he rather ignored.

She took him to task quite seriously for it on their way home. "You lose a great deal by not caring more about things, do you know," she said, as they were crossing one of the bridges which span the sluggish current of the Arno.

"Not caring more about what sort of things?" he asked in a tone of stupefaction. He was chiefly conscious at that moment, to tell the truth, of caring about some things a good deal *too* much, too absorbingly, too exclusively. He glanced at her profile detaching itself against the massive violet shadow thrown by the opposite walls, and wondered whether she could have the faintest conception of how her words sounded.

"These sort of things," she said, waving her hand vaguely to indicate the river, the buildings, the landscape, the shadows falling upon their path. "One cannot afford, believe me, to lose any of the pleasures that come to one through one's eyes, through any of one's senses, one cannot indeed," she went on seriously, almost

sententiously. "It seems to me to be downright stupid, almost wrong, not to cultivate one's powers of enjoyment to their utmost possible extent. I used to be very silly about it. So long as the sun shone, and people were moderately kind to me, I cared very little. I was always dreaming and planning things. I used to plan out the future — my own and other people's — foolish dreams, which of course never came to anything. One ought to enjoy when one can, and whatever one can, without looking too far ahead. The present moment — that is the only time after all we can be quite sure of. Isn't it?" she asked, looking up at him seriously.

John Lawrence felt disposed to burst into sudden and profane laughter. "The present moment!" Did she, could she imagine how what she was saying sounded in his ears? Would she understand, even were he to explain to her, that yearning, that wild sense of longing which seemed to beat in great hot thuds along his veins? Could she — could any one — understand that extraordinary sense of possession, the way in which her image, her very self, seemed to pervade his whole being, so that he often felt to belong less to himself than to her, to be her satellite, the moon of which she was the sun, the shadow of her substance? What would she say were he to take her literally at her word, were he indeed to seize upon the present moment! now — here — upon the spot! "Enjoy while you can!" "Do not neglect opportunities of happiness!" "The present is the only moment one can be sure of!" Was there, he asked himself, a vein of subtle cruelty even in the best, the purest-souled of women? A love of mild torturing when the victim's hands were known to be safely tied? He almost began to think there must be.

"As you say, perhaps I do *not* care much for anything else so long as the sun shines, and people are moderately kind to me," he said with some significance.

She glanced up, as if a little surprised at the emphasis of his tone; then, presently changing the subject, began to speak of the curious news from Greece which was in the papers that morning.

Next day, finding that she was hopelessly engaged, the colonel took the virtuous part of returning to the Campo Santo by himself, and endeavoring to brace his mind to the proper point of appreciation.

This time he got on better — perhaps because his attention was less distracted. He liked the tone of the place as a whole,

even if he did not properly appreciate the details. He knew at any rate what he did and did not like, which is more than can always be said of better instructed people.

The day was again perfect, and the famous purple anemones were in the fullest flush of flower all over the sacred earth. The colonel — who knew more about plants than architecture — thought he had never seen any of so fine a color. Lizards were scampering up and down the two stone steps which divide the quadrangle, one pausing presently in full view to exhibit a very abbreviated tail, broken off in some bygone batrachian struggle. Some reparations were going on in the distance, but the tapping was not loud enough to break that peace which is the peculiar heritage of the place. A dreamy balm seemed to come floating down even upon the very notes of dust.

He wandered into the middle of the quadrangle and stood looking up at the cypresses rising in sharp relief against the sky, their tops swaying briskly under a wind unfelt below. Through one of the traceried windows he could distinguish a few yards of faded fresco, the blue skirt of one of Abraham's visitors, and the rather oddly shaped feet of Lot's wife. Nearer were one or two tombs, half hidden by grass and trailing smilax. These carried his thoughts by an easy transition to that other though very dissimilar Campo Santo where he had first heard of Algeron Cathers's danger. Had his joining them been a mistake, he wondered. Had matters on the whole been better for Lady Eleanor or worse through his being with them? It was a difficult point to decide, seeing that it turned upon that most capricious of all capricious things, namely, her husband's humor. It had been a satisfaction to her to have an old friend at hand; that much he could assure himself without any gross self-flattery. Beyond that he felt doubtful.

He was still turning over these thoughts when he heard a sound of voices at the gate, which the next instant creaked irritably on its rusty hinges as it was opened by one of the custodians, and, rather to his surprise, the object of those thoughts entered, accompanied by her brother.

She had been able to get away after all, she explained. Her husband did not want her any longer as he was busy writing letters. She and Mordaunt had guessed that he had come here, so had agreed to follow him. Besides, Mordaunt, she added, had not seen anything yet.

That appreciative sightseer presently

strayed away to examine the enormous Genoese chains which had caught his eye. The others remained together in the centre of the enclosure. Lady Eleanor looked tired, and presently sat down on the top of the steps, where a small block of stone suggested a seat. The chipping noise of the masons outside came with a lazy afternoon iteration to the ear. The sunlight was moving leisurely along the walls, bringing out the mellow mottled tones of the masonry. Some dragon-flies from the marshes had flown in through the iron lattices, and were testing the sporting capabilities of the place. One, newly alighted on the steps, was swaying a pale blue body ringed with golden bars, and daintily lifting a pair of delicately fretted wings.

"You see I am trying to put your lessons into practice," John Lawrence said, sitting down beside her upon the step. "For the last half-hour I have been trying to steep my mind—if you can call it one's mind—my eyes at any rate, in the local color. I think a little has rubbed off, but I am not quite sure. After a certain age one's ideas, I'm afraid, grow stiff like one's muscles, they don't readily assume new attitudes. Still, if one enjoys oneself that is the main thing, is it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered rather dreamily. "It is difficult often, is it not, to tell why one does enjoy oneself, and why one doesn't? Good moments come, one cannot quite tell how or why. The common, ugly, every-day things float back, and the sky seems to open a little, and to get nearer. One feels that there is greatness, and peace, and grandeur somewhere, even though one's own life may be full of ugliness and pettiness, and small worthless efforts which lead to nothing at all."

She paused and he made no answer. Like any two people who have reached a certain point of intimacy, it seemed as if all their talk ran to a personal bearing. With him at any rate everything, he was well aware, bristled with allusions. He had long passed the point where he could flatter himself that he took an impersonal interest in anything that she said or did; anything that showed what was passing inside the region of her thoughts.

"It is curious how strongly that sense of happiness seems to be floated in upon one sometimes for no particular reason," she presently went on, still dreamily. "I don't mean in a religious sense," she added, with a slight blush. "I hardly know, in fact, how I do mean. Intima-

tions seem to come to one; intimations which are full of beauty, of a great possibility, a wonderful tenderness, and pity, and peace. Do you know at all what I mean?"

"Yes, I think I do," he answered slowly, and then they fell silent again. The dragon-fly had lifted its latticed wings and flown lightly away. They were alone, more alone it seemed to John Lawrence than they had ever been before—than they were ever likely perhaps to be again. The sense of intimacy too, of communion, had never been so strong. He would gladly have remained just where they were, he felt, for years and years and years; gladly never have had to leave it again.

Presently young Mordaunt came striding towards them, his hat tilted backwards, his honest freckled face red with the toils of investigation.

"Rummy old place!" he observed, tapping his cigarette against the base of a pillar, and letting the ashes fall in a shower upon the sacred Jerusalem earth below. "I wonder that they don't put it into some sort of order though. Can't afford it perhaps, poor devils! Now that old buffer up there, what do you imagine he is doing?" pointing his stick at Benozzo Gonzoli's masterpiece, the one containing the well-known "Vergognosa di Pisa." "They really have no right to the things if they keep them in such a beastly state. Couldn't the National Gallery buy them up?"

John Lawrence glanced at Lady Eleanor gravely.

"You had better take him in hand next," he said. "He seems in even a worse condition than myself."

CHAPTER VIII.

ON their way back to the hotel an odd, and by no means a pleasant little incident befel them. They had lingered for a few minutes upon the Ponte Solferino, to look down into the shrunken Arno rolling its minimum of coffee-colored fluid to the sea. The two promenades to right and left of the river are the points where the social elements of Pisa show stronger symptoms of vitality than elsewhere, and to-day there was a fair muster of citizens strolling indolently along in the full-fledged sunshine. Amongst these strollers were two that were not citizens, for they were the small Jan and Mlle. Riaz, who had rejoined the party a little before their arrival at Pisa. They were still some way off, indeed it was not until after Lady Eleanor had pointed them out to

her companions and carefully explained their whereabouts, that they were able to detect what her eyes had at once discovered to be her small daughter. While their attention was still engaged in this direction a fiacre drove by, and young Mordaunt, happening to glance after it, exclaimed suddenly, "Hullo, that was Cathers! Why, how quickly he has got through his letters."

So it was, as the others also perceived, too late, however, to attract his attention. The fiacre was already some way off, pursuing a wabbling and uncertain course between the thinly sprinkled shadows of the acacias. The three upon the bridge followed it idly with their eyes. It had reached the place where the child and Frenchwoman were proceeding along the pavement, and was upon the point of passing them, when the latter seemed to catch sight of its occupant. Algernon Cathers gave a careless nod of recognition, and was about to pass on, but she made an imperious gesture to the driver to stop, and stepped towards him, and a short but evidently animated dialogue ensued, the woman gesticulating excitedly, apparently angrily. It did not last more than a couple of minutes; at the end of which the fiacre again moved forward, its occupant waving his hand nonchalantly as it did so.

Another couple of minutes passed, but Lady Eleanor's eyes still remained concentrated upon the two figures now again approaching along the narrow footpath. John Lawrence rather avoided looking at her. It was an odd scene somehow, he thought, and he wondered a good deal what it meant. Suddenly, to his astonishment, she uttered a violent exclamation. Startled, he glanced first at her, then at the point to which her eyes directed his, and was just in time to see what had caused it. The little girl had apparently plucked at the woman's dress, to call her attention to something, whereupon the other had turned upon her, and struck her several times violently over the shoulders. After her first ejaculation, Lady Eleanor said no more, but before her companions had realized what she was about, was already off the bridge and speeding like a lapwing through the groups of people, unconscious of the glances of undisguised astonishment, not unmingled with admiration, with which they made way for her. So quick was she, that though the others followed as rapidly as they could, she had already reached the

spot, snatched the child up into her protecting arms, turned upon the woman, and was denouncing her in half-a-dozen words the vehemence of which seemed literally to scorch their subject. For once the black eyes were dropped. Mlle. Riaz looked confounded, utterly abashed, and astounded, as the employer, whom she had imagined no doubt to be at a safe distance, suddenly descended upon her with the awe-inspiring port and flashing eyes of an avenging goddess. Lady Eleanor did not waste many words, however. Giving her to understand that from that day she would never see, speak, nor have any dealings with her again, she turned away, still holding the child in her arms, and retraced her steps towards the bridge, unconscious, in her preoccupation, of the presence of the other two, who had followed and caught her up, leaving Mlle. Riaz, who by this time had recovered from her first consternation, scowling after them upon the pavement.

"By Jove, Eleanor, you did give it her down the banks, and no mistake!" her brother exclaimed in tones of admiration. "Serve her right too! I only wonder you didn't break your parasol over her head."

"What could have made her turn so savage all in a moment?" John Lawrence said in a tone of astonishment. Then seeing that Lady Eleanor was too excited and upset to be able to reply—"Did she hurt you, Jan?" he added to the child.

Jan, who was much the calmest of the party, and showed no symptom of tears or any particular excitement, wriggled a little as if considering what the extent of her injuries really were.

"Not much," she said, in her little high-pitched sing-song voice. "I don't like maddymoisselle though—not much," she added.

"Did she ever strike you before, my darling?" her mother enquired eagerly.

"Oh yeth!" Jan opened her eyes wide at the simplicity of the question. "Often and often," she added, nodding her small head up and down, and carefully emphasizing her *t's*.

"Why did you never tell mother then? That was very very silly of you, Jan! always tell mother everything." Lady Eleanor's tone showed her to be much nearer crying than her composed little daughter.

"But it *wath* when I told muddie anything that maddymoisselle slapped me!" Jan responded placidly.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Ther's times the world does look so queer,
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em,
An' then agin, for half a year,
No preacher 'thout a call's more solemn.

DID I really give a sort of engagement to my readers that I would return to the subject which I handled so lightly five months ago? Did I? I turn to the March number of this review,* and I find it is even so. Alas! Could there be a sadder proof that wisdom has died out of me? That far-sighted and sagacious candidate for the presidency of the United States who, in one of his bursts of candor, gave us such a splendid exposition of his philosophy, ought to have kept me from making any such rash promise as that which now confronts me. That famous candidate warns us all against such weakness:—

I don't approve o' giving pledges,
You'd ought to leave a fellow free,
And not go knocking out the wedges
To catch his fingers in the tree.

But they tell me that I have given a pledge, and that the time has come to redeem it. It is true that, in speaking of the trials of the country parson's life, I left much unsaid that needed saying; but hitherto I have rather shrunk from dealing with matters which are outside the range of my own experience, and confined myself to such illustrations of the positions maintained as my own personal knowledge could supply. There are, however, some phases of the country parson's life which I am perhaps less competent to dwell on than others who have been all their lives *rustics*, and because I would not willingly wound the feelings of those whom I honor and respect: therefore I am inclined to hang back and hold my peace and say nothing. Why does not somebody else step in and take up the thread where I dropped it, deliver his testimony, and give us the record of his larger experience? Or shall we ask another question? How is it that people who have much to tell, so often have no faculty of setting it down in words and sentences? We boast of our advance in education, and yet what has it done for us—what is it doing for us?

I mean my son to be *really* educated. I mean him to be able to sit down to an organ and satisfy his soul as he dreams his dreams or sends forth his wail of aspiration, or sobs out his grief and penitence, or laughs forth his ecstasy of rap-

ture, now in a passion of melody, now in subtle tangle of mysterious fugue, now in awful billows of harmony, making full concert to the angelic symphony. I mean him to be able to catch the laugh of the child, or the scowl of the ruffian, or the smirk of the swindler, or the wonder and triumph and joy and pride of the maiden who has just listened to her lover's tale, or the sombre beauty of the aged when the twilight deepens and they are thinking of the dawn. I mean my son to have the power to catch these things, and to hold them and show them to me, saying, "Look! there they are for you and me to dwell on when we will." Then, and not till then, will that lad of promise have begun to be educated. But we—or such as I—what upstarts we are! We that talk badly, write worse, and fumble and bungle miserably with that beggarly vehicle of communication between man and man which we call language—that wretched *calculus* which serves just a very little way towards helping us to hold converse with men as foolish as ourselves, but leaves us helpless to make the throstle feel how much we love him, and which we fling aside as a mere burden when our hearts are dying in us with what we call our loneliness or our despair. Educated! Who is educated? Certainly not the man who, having his memory full of a vast assemblage of odds and ends, can no more bring them out and produce them in an intelligible shape than I can produce on canvas the face of yonder old beldame with the square jaw and the bushy brows and the blazing eyes, and that burlesque of a bonnet, square and round and oval at one and the same moment, and no more capable of being described in words than of being written out in musical notation.

Yet it is undeniable that the knack of Mr. Gigadibs is a convenient knack, and it is a pity that my friend Mr. Cadaverous has not got it; he is "of those who know." Gigadibs is of those who can juggle with the parts of speech, and very pretty jugglery it is. I envy Gigadibs whenever I am compelled to relate things at second hand; for who can help lying when he tries to bear evidence upon what others have seen and heard and felt and—worst of all—have reasoned about?

It may have been observed that when I last wrote on the subject of the country parson's trials, I dwelt first upon those annoyances and positive wrongs which he is compelled to submit to at the hands of the powers that be, and which may be classed

* LIVING AGE, No. 2233.

under the head of financial; and, secondly, upon such as are inherent in his position as a personage living a life apart from those among whom he has to discharge his peculiar duties.

As far as regards the mere peasant, this isolation is only what any one must expect who is brought into relations more or less intimate with a class socially and intellectually below or above his own. But there are villages and villages, and the differences between them are as great as between the East End of London and the West, between May Fair and Red Lion Square. The ideal village is a happy valley, where a simple people are living sweetly under the paternal care of a gracious land-owner, benevolent, open-handed, large-hearted, devout, a man of wealth and culture, his wife a Lady Bountiful; his daughters the judicious dispensers of liberal charity; his house the home of all that is refining, cheering, elevating. There the happy parson always finds a cordial welcome, and all those social advantages which make life pleasant and serene for himself and his family. Parson and squire work together in perfect harmony, the rectory and the hall are but the greater and the lesser parts of a well-adjusted piece of machinery which moves on with no friction and never comes to a dead stop. This is the ideal village.

How different are the real villages and how various! Take the case of my friend Burney's parish. An oblong surface through which a highroad runs straight as a ruler—wide ditches dividing the fields, with never a hedge and never a tree—nine square miles of land with a population of nine hundred human beings, here and there collected into an ugly hamlet each with a central alehouse, and a few feeble poplars looking as if they were ashamed of themselves. There is not a farmer in the parish who occupies three hundred acres of land. There is not a gentleman's house within a radius of eleven miles from the rectory door. The nearest market town is six miles off, the nearest railway station five. Friend Burney has his house and garden and perhaps 350*l.* a year to spend—that is quite the outside. Every morning he goes to his school a long mile off, every afternoon he has some one to "look after," to visit in sickness or sorrow, to watch or advise or comfort. One year with another he calculates that he has to walk at least fifteen hundred miles in the way of duty. As to the mere Sunday work, that needs no dwelling on; take it all in all, it is

about the least *wearing* and least troublesome part of the parson's duties, always provided he puts his heart into it and has some faculty for it. But in all that tract of country over which he is sometimes cruelly assumed to be no more than a spiritual overseer, among all those nine hundred people, there is not a single man, woman, or child that cares to talk to him, or ever does talk to him, about anything outside the parish and its concerns. Nay! I forgot the schoolmaster and his wife. They are young, intelligent, hopeful, and they came out of Yorkshire, and have something to say of their experience in the north. But they are just a little—undeniably a *little* sore, just a *little* touchy; they have a grievance. When they first came down to X., Mrs. Rector did not leave her card on Mrs. Petticogges. It was a slight. It was hoity-toity, it was airified. That is not all; the farmers are not, as you may say, *cordial* with the schoolmaster; and Farmer Gay, the big man who holds seven hundred acres in the next parish and gives lawn-tennis parties, never had the grace to take any notice of the Petticogges, does not in fact *know* the Petticogges. Meanwhile, friend Burney is manager of the school, and by far the largest contributor to the funds, and day by day he is in and out, he and his daughters. But there is no time to talk or confer. The Petticogges have their hands full; when their day's work is over they have had enough of it. Round and round and round they go in the dreary mill; every now and then there is a new regulation of my lords to worry them, a new book to get up, a new code to study. Then there are the pupil teachers to look after, and returns to make up, and all the dull routine which has to be got through. How *can* an elementary schoolmaster in a remote country village be a reading man, or what motive has he to get out of the narrow groove in which he has been brought up? The best teachers, as a rule, are they who know their work best and very little indeed outside it. "How is it that at Dumpfield they don't get a larger grant?" I asked one day of an inspector noted for his shrewdness and good sense. "Surely Coxie is by far the ablest and most brilliant teacher for miles round; he is almost a man of genius." "Precisely so," was the reply, "the man's out of place. These brilliant men with a touch of genius are a nuisance in an elementary school. My dear fellow, never let a *man of views* come into your school. Keep

him out. Beware of the being who is for revolutionizing spelling and grammar!"

Mr. Petticogge is not a man of genius, only a better sort of elementary school-master, and entirely absorbed in his work. He too, as all the members of his fraternity do, occupies a position of isolation, and between him and the parson there is just so much in common as to make each hold aloof from the other without making either of them congenial to their other neighbors. As for the rest of friend Burney's neighbors, take them in the gross, and you may say of them what the ticket-of-leave man said of the Ten Commandments: "They're rather a poor lot and you can't make much out of 'em." I know no class of men who are less sociable than the smaller farmers, as we reckon smallness in the East. I mean the men who hold a couple of hundred acres and under. It has often been laid to the charge of the great occupiers in west Norfolk and elsewhere that in the good times they were lavish beyond all reason in their hospitalities. I believe there never has been anything of the sort among the smaller men; they are not unfriendly, they are not wanting in cordiality, but they are not companionable.

It is my privilege to know some who are notable exceptions to the all but universal rule. I have not far to go from my own door to find one whom I never pay a visit to without pleasure and profit, one who has for many years been a great reader of Lord Tennyson's poems, has strong opinions on politics and the questions of the day, a thoughtful, resolute, and true-hearted woman, who farms a hundred acres of land without a bailiff, and, among other evidences of her good taste and intelligence, is a diligent student of this review. But such are few and far between. It is one of the trials of the country parson that, as soon as he passes out of the stratum to which the laborer belongs, he finds himself in a stratum where there is nothing that has any of the interest of originality, picturesqueness, or even passion. The people who live and move in that stratum are dismally like the ticket-of-leave man's ten commandments. My neighbors hardly believe me when I tell them I can see, even among the smaller farmers, much to admire, much to respect, and something to love; but I do not wonder that many a country parson "can't make much out of 'em." These men are having rather a hard life just now, but they have *not* to learn the most elementary lessons of thrift and frugality.

As a class they have always practised these virtues, and as a class they are far less complaining than those who belong to the higher stratum; they bear their burdens silently, perhaps too silently, and they tell you that it's no good grumbling — "that," one of them said to me, "only makes things worse, 'cause it makes *you* worse!" Take them all in all, they whom I have elsewhere called *the little ones* are usually those of his parishioners with whom the parson seldom comes into unpleasant relations; they are usually very hard at work, very practical, very straightforward, and very seldom indeed prone to give themselves airs.

It is often very different with the large occupiers. In the good times the large farmers must have made very large profits, the percentage upon the actual capital embarked (unless my information has been strangely untrue and the calculations that have been laid before me strangely inaccurate) being in many cases larger even than that which the shipowners earned in *their* good times. Is it to be wondered at that they became frequently intoxicated by their success, and got to believe that they were a superior order on whom the welfare of the nation depended? Or, again, can we be surprised that their awakening from their dream has not been pleasurable, and has somewhat soured them? Ten years ago a *gentleman farmer* — and every man who farmed five hundred acres was a gentleman farmer — looked down upon the retail tradesman as quite beneath him in station, and regarded the parson as a respectable official whom it was the right thing to support, though he might care very little for him and his ways. In those days the farmer's sons and the parson's were frequently schoolfellows; the young people drew together, and the farmer's pupils too were another link between the farmhouse and the rectory. The bad seasons and the fall in prices came together, and the collapse was very rapid. But in nine cases out of ten, whereas the farmer's losses meant a disastrous abatement which extended over his *whole* income, the parson felt the pinch only in the fall of the tithe or in the rent of his glebe. His private fortune, being for the most part settled, remained as it was before. In East Anglia not five per cent. of the clergy are living upon the income of their benefices; but I should be very much surprised to find that five per cent. of the tenant farmers have any considerable investments outside their working capital

The result is that, though the clergy have suffered quite severely enough, they have not suffered nearly so much as the farmers. The one has had to submit to a painful loss of professional income, and has had to fall back upon his private resources; the other has too often found himself with his credit balance approaching the vanishing point, the trade profit has been *nil*, and there have been no dividends from investments outside the going concern to keep up the old style or meet the old expenditure. When neighbors have been in the habit of meeting on equal terms, and one goes on pretty much as before, while the other has become a trifle shabby, and has to consider every shilling that he spends, it is almost inevitable that the poorer of the two should feel less cordial than before. He revenges himself upon the laws of the universe by proclaiming that there is wrong and injustice somewhere. Why is he on the brink of ruin, while the parson has only knocked off his riding-horse, or ceased to take his annual trip to the Continent, or lessened his establishment by a servant or it may be two? He forgets that his neighbor is living upon the interest of realized property, and that he himself has to live upon what he can make, and upon that alone.

But what irritates the farmer most is that, at the worst, the parson is getting *something* out of the land while he is getting little or nothing; and though he knows as well as any one else that the tithe stands for a first mortgage upon the land, or for an annuity charged upon the land, which takes precedence of every other payment; and though he knows also that, in too many instances, he has himself to pay interest on the capital with which he has been pursuing his business, and that this interest has to be provided for whether that business is carried on at a profit or a loss, yet he persists in trying to convince himself that he was "let in" when he made himself liable for the tithes; he tells you he has "to pay the parson," and he does not like it. The parson is always *en évidence*, the landlord is out of the way — almost an abstraction, as the government is; the agent *must* be submitted to, so must the tax-gatherer. But the parson, could he not be got rid of? Granted that it would all come to the same in the end, and that if you could eliminate the parson the tithe would be laid on to the rent sooner or later, yet it might be very much later, and the end might be a long way off, and in the mean time he, the farmer, would put the tithe into his

own pocket and into that of no one else. Hence there smoulder in the minds of many the smoky embers of discontent, and there is a coldness between the former friends. We are conscious of it, but we see no cure at present. When the tithe comes to be paid by the landlord, there may be a return to the old friendliness; but the *gratia male sarta* always leaves traces of the rift. I forbear from dwelling any longer upon this branch of the subject. When men are sore and in danger of becoming soured, then is the time for exercising a wise and tender reserve.

So far I have dealt with those trials which the country parson is exposed to from without; that is, such as arise from his intercourse with the wicked world — the wicked world that puts its cruel claw into his pocket, or growls at him, or glares at him, or frightens him, or laughs at him, or tries to gobble him up. But his trials do not end there. He has relations with another world — that professional world to which he belongs in another sense than that by which he is regarded as a citizen. As a clergyman he is a member of a class, a profession, a clique if you will, which has a coherence and a homogeneity such as no other profession can lay claim to, not even the profession of the law. The lawyer may be half-a-dozen things at the same time — a trader, a politician, a practical agriculturist, a land agent, a coroner, a steeplechase rider, a general Jack pudding. Everything brings grist to his mill, and the more irons he has in the fire the larger will be the number and the more varied the character of his clients. But the parson must be a clergyman, and a clergyman only; he is, so to speak, confined within the four walls of his clerical associations, and if he steps beyond them he is always regarded with a certain measure of suspicion. Even literature, unless there be a distinctly theological flavor about it, he embarks in at his peril; a clergyman who writes books is looked askance at, as a person whose "heart isn't in his work." Of course we get "narrow-minded." We all go about with an iron mask weighing upon us — hiding our handsome features, interfering with our respiration, stunting our growth. That is not all, though that is bad enough; but we are all ticketed and labelled in a way that no other class is. Of late years it appears that the rising generation of clerics has begun to insist more and more upon the necessity of this professional exclusiveness, and desires to claim for it-

self the privileges of a *caste*. It shaves off its nascent whiskers and glories in a stubby cheek; it dresses in a hideous garment half petticoat, half frock, for the most part abominably ill made; above all, it rumples about its bullet head a slovenly abomination called a *wideawake*, as if *that* would preserve it from all suspicion of being sleepy and stupid, and it adopts a tone and a vocabulary which shall be distinctive and as far as possible from the speech of ordinary Englishmen. "We must close up our ranks," said one of them to me, "close up our ranks and present a united front, and show the world that we are prepared to hang together, act together, march together. We have been atoms too long; we want coherence, my dear sir — coherence. We are moving towards the general adoption of the Catholic cassock!" "Do you mean to say," I answered, "that you will persist in sporting that emasculated felt turbanette till you arrive at the general adoption of the cassock? Then, in the name of all the lines of beauty, on with the cassock, but away with the wideawake!" I'm afraid my young friend was hurt; suspected me of some covert profanity, and deplored my flagrant want of *esprit de corps*.

And yet I have been almost a worshipper of Burke from my boyhood, and was early so impregnated with the fundamental positions of the "Thoughts on the Causes of our present Discontents" that, if I only *could* choose my party, I should follow my leader to prison or to death, and do his bidding, *ἀνδρείως καὶ ᾗς αὐτὰ*, never looking behind me. Unhappily in matters political the curse of a flabby amorphous eclecticism is upon too many of us; watching the conflict of principles or policies in a dazed and bewildered frame of mind, we persuade ourselves that we are philosophically impartial when we are only indolently indifferent. "Which train are you going by, sir — up or down?" "I'll wait and see!" And both engines rush out and leave the unhappy vacillator to his reveries, till by-and-by the platform is cleared and the station is shut up for the night, and there is no moon and no stars and no shelter, and the gas lamps are turned down, and the wind is rising.

But ever since I have, so to speak, taken the shilling and entered the Church's service and put myself under orders, I have loyally stood up for my cloth, and I am quite willing to bear the reproaches of that service where there are any to bear. We clergy get a good deal of stupid and very vulgar ridicule hurled at us, and we

cannot very well retaliate. It is a case of *Athanasius contra mundum*. The "world" is very big and rather unassailable, and we of the minority are apt to assume that we can afford to hold our peace, that we gain by turning the right cheek to him who smites us on the left, and that we should lose by giving a foul-mouthed liar and coward a drubbing and tossing him into the horse-pond. We stand upon the defensive. We have hardly any other choice. But it is rather trying to have to answer for all the sins, negligences, and ignorances, the follies and the bad taste, of all who wear the wideawake.

As far as the instances of downright wickedness and immorality go, I think nobody will pretend that any class in the community can show such a clean bill of health as the clergy. As I look round me upon my clerical brethren of all ages and all opinions, I can honestly say I do not know one of them whose daily life is not free from reproach or suspicion. During all my life I have never myself known more than one benefited clergyman who was a real black sheep. That there are such men of course I cannot doubt, but their aggregate number constitutes, I am sure, a very small percentage of the class which they disgrace by being included in it. Surely it is very trying and very irritating to have such instances brought up against you, not as exceptions, but as examples of the general rule. Our Nonconformist neighbors know all about such cases, and cannot understand why they should exist. They know that a Wesleyan or a Congregationalist minister who should underlie any grave suspicion would infallibly disappear from the neighborhood in a week. Why should the rector of X., whose intemperance has been clearly proved, be allowed to return to his parish after his term of suspension, and begin again to minister among the same people whose sense of decency he has outraged till it was past all bearing? You tell your Nonconformist friend that it cannot be helped because the reverend sot has got a freehold in his benefice. "Oh, it can't be helped, can't it?" he answers; "that's it, is it? The law ain't to blame, and the bishop ain't to blame, and the churchwardens ain't to blame, and, according to that, the parson ain't to blame neither, except that the old fool's been and got found out." These people know that such scandals are impossible at the chapels; they are not impossible at the churches; that the deacons, and the elders,

and the conference, or whatever the power may be that keeps up the discipline, comes down with swift severity in the one case, and the rural dean and archdeacons and the bishops are all but powerless in the other. In many cases the influence of a bad example or the memory of a shameful reputation is avoided by giving an incumbent indefinite leave of absence; but this is, after all, only a confession of weakness, and the fact that the parson still takes the income of the benefice, though his work is done by another, that itself is a scandal. Ecclesiastical reformers, lay or clerical, who stop short of dealing with the subject of the parson's freehold are merely hacking and lopping the branches in the vain hope of saving the tree. If the thing is rotten, let it die placidly, or let it be cut down bravely. Where you have not the pluck to do the one thing, why fidget about the other?

Happily, however, we are not much troubled with "criminous clerks," we country parsons. The regular out-and-out bad ones usually retire into holes and corners, and they are but few and far between. We hear of them much more from our Meetings than from any one else. The Meetinger keeps himself posted up with the last clerical escapade, and fires it off at us when he gets a chance, and the old argument has to be gone over again, and the parson goes home feeling that he was born to be badgered, and that he must expect it even to the end of the world.

It may seem strange to the inexperienced, but it is none the less true, that we suffer a great deal more from the best of our brethren than we do from the worst. They are the over-zealous who are determined to change the face of the world and revolutionize society and reform everything and improve everybody, and who cannot leave things alone to develop and grow, who make their fellow-creatures' lives a burden to them. When we are young we have such unbounded faith in ourselves, and such unbounded ignorance and inexperience. The world is all before us, and all to conquer and remodel; our seniors are sad fogeys, so slow, so stiff, so cautious. There is so much dust everywhere and upon everything. Our brooms are so new, so *swishy*, and our arms so strong. We have our wits about us, and our senses all keen and sharp. We find it hard to believe that we have not been called into being to do a great deal of sweeping and getting rid of cobwebs. I love to see the young fellows all bubbling over with energy, and all aflame with fiery

zeal; I would not have it otherwise. God bless them, say I, but they do rout us about very uncomfortably, and they are very foolish. It was only the other day that I was asked to go and visit a church to which a very hurricane of a man had been recently appointed, and which he had already set himself to restore. He knew no more about church architecture than I do about Sanscrit, and less about history than I do about chemistry. He had a small army of bricklayers picking and slopping about the sacred edifice, tearing down this and digging up that and smalm-ing over the other.

And this reverend worthy had not even consulted the parish clerk! "Of course you have had a faculty for all this," I suggested.

"Not I! Faculty indeed! I have to save all the expense I can. I have made up my mind to have nothing whatever to do with any officials or professionals of any sort or kind; I am my own architect!"

Now, if a man chooses to be his own tailor, nobody will be much the worse and nobody will much care; but when a man sets himself to "restore" a church by the light of nature, it is a much more serious matter, and it is almost beyond belief what a brisk and bouncing young fellow, with the best intentions, and an immeasurable fund of ignorance to fall back upon, can do without any one interfering with him. You tell him he'll get into a scrape—that the bishop will be down upon him—that there are such things as law courts. He smiles the benevolent smile of superior wisdom, and dashes on with heroic valor. If he calls himself a Ritualist, he gets rid of the Jacobean pulpit, or the royal arms, or the ten commandments, and sets up a construction which he calls a *reredos*, all tinsel and putty and *papier mâché*, hurls away the old pews before you know where you are, nails the brasses to the walls, sets up a lectern, and intones the service, keeping well within the chancel, from which he firmly banishes all worshippers who are not males. As for that gallery at the west end where the singers used to sit for a couple of centuries, and never failed to take their part with conscious pride in their own performances, that is abomination in his eyes—that must go of course, "to throw out the belfry arch, you see, and to bring the ringers into closer connection with the worship of the sanctuary." "I love to see the bell-ropes," said one of these dear well-meaning young clergymen to me. "They are a constant lesson and reminder to us, my

friend. Did you ever read Durandus on symbolism? That is a very precious observation of his, that a bell-rope symbolizes humility—it always hangs down."

But if an energetic young reformer calls himself an Evangelical, he is, if possible, a more dangerous innovator than the other. Then the axes and hammers come in with a vengeance. None of your pagan inscriptions for him, teaching false doctrine and Popery. None of your *Orate pro anima*, none of your crosses and remains of frescoes on his walls: St. Christopher with the child upon his shoulder wading through the stream, St. Sebastian stuck all over with arrows, or St. Peter with those very objectionable keys. As for the rood screen, away with it! Are we not all kings and priests? If you must have a division between the chancel and the nave, set up the pulpit there, tall, prominent, significant; and if the preacher can't be heard, then learn the lesson which our grandfathers taught us, and let there be a sounding-board.

The serious part of all this passionate meddling with the *status quo ante* is that any young incumbent can come in and play the wildest havoc with our old churches without any one interfering with him. The beneficed cleric is master of the situation, and is frightfully more so now that the Church rates have been abolished than he was before. It is no one's interest to open his mouth; is he not *inducted* into possession of the sacred building, and is he not therefore tenant for life of the freehold? As long as he makes himself liable for all the expense, it is surely better to let him have his way. "I ain't a-going to interfere," says one after another; and in six weeks a church which had upon its walls and floors, upon its tower and its roof, upon its windows and its doors, upon its every stone and timber, the marks and evidences which constituted a continuous chronicle, picturing—not telling—a tale of the faith and hope, and folly and errors, and devotion and sorrow, and striving after a higher ideal and painful groping for more light in the gloom—a tale that goes back a thousand years, a tale of the rude forefathers of the village world which still regards the house of God as somehow its own—in six weeks, I say, all this is as effectually obliterated as if a ton of dynamite had been exploded in one of the vaults, and the genius of smugness had claimed the comminuted fragments as her own.

Then there is the mania for decorations too. I like to see them; I am sure the

new fashion has been the occasion for awakening a great deal of interest in, and something approaching proud affection for, our old churches; but here again people with every desire to be reverential and do the right thing succeed amazingly in doing just the wrong one. Have I not seen a most beautiful fourteenth-century rood screen literally riddled with tin tacks and covered with various-colored paper roses, festooned in fluffy frills of some cheap material on which languid dandelions and succulent bluebells lolled damply at the Eastertide? Next time I saw that exquisite work of art, lo! there was a St. Lawrence with his eye put out and two holes in his forehead, and between the lips of a St. Barbara, who for her loveliness might have been painted by Carlo Crivelli, there protruded a bent nail which looked for all the world like an old tobacco-pipe. Who can "restore" that precious rood screen or repair the damage wrought in an hour by the *decorators* turned loose into that meek little church a year ago?

I think the average laymen who live in the towns can have very little notion of what the parson suffers when he finds himself turned into a church in which he has to officiate for the rest of his life, and which his predecessor has mauled and mangled and murdered, leaving no more life in it than there is among the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. "But do not these rash and furious young zealots of whom you have spoken burn their fingers sometimes, and does not the bishop sometimes come down upon them?" Yes! very often, *after the mischief has been done*. I knew one monster who upon his glebe had some seven of the noblest oak-trees in the country of Norfolk. *Lucus ligna* was his view of the case, and he sold them all. Down they came every tree of them. Some said he wanted to see how the landscape would look without them, some that he wanted to go to Norway, and there are plenty of trees there. The patron of the living called that man to account, and I am told made him disgorge the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains; and the bishop is generally believed to have sent him a mandate to put back those trees in their former position. But that clerical monster, though he plays the fiddle to put Amphion to shame, has never learnt Amphion's tune or cared to charm back the giant vegetables that were once the pride and glory of the countryside. In the days when the wicked received their reward in this world a thousand evil-doers have been hanged for crimes incom-

parably less injurious to the community at large than that which lies to the charge of this reverend sinner; but he enjoys the income of his benefice to this day, and grows willows instead of oaks, not to turn to the use which Timon recommended to one of his visitors, but to turn into cash; for they grow fast, and the manufacturers of cricket-bats are hard put to it to supply the demand for their wares.

What we want is to make it at least a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment for the parson to touch the fabric of the church under any circumstances whatever, except with the consent and under the license of some external authority. But that implies that the ownership of the church should no longer be vested in a *corporation sole*. It brings us again face to face with the whole question of the parson's freehold, and how long is that mischievous legal fiction—which is, however, a very stubborn legal fact—to be endured?

If I were to go on in this vein, and dwell upon all the parson has to suffer from his *predecessors*—the man who built the house two miles from the parish church, the man who added to it to find room for a score of pupils, the man who loved air, or the man who loved water, or the man who loved society, or the man who bred horses, or the man who turned the rectory into a very lucrative lunatic asylum—I should tire out my reader's patience, and the more so that there are other trials about which it is advisable that I should utter my querulous wail.

I know one clergyman who, though ordained some forty years ago, has never written or preached a sermon in his life; but I only know one. His is perhaps a unique case. As a rule, we all begin by being curates—that is, we begin by learning our business as subordinates. It would be truer to say we used to begin that way; but subordination is dying out all over the world, and in the ministry of the Church of England subordination is a virtue which is *in articulo mortis*. Nowadays a young fellow at twenty three, who has become a reverend gentleman for just a week, poses at once as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the whole human race. He poses as a great teacher. It is not only that he delivers the oracles with authoritative sententiousness from the tripod, but he has no doubts and no hesitation about anything in earth or heaven. He fortifies himself with a small collection of brand-new words which you, poor ignorant creature, don't know the

meaning of. You feel rather "out of it" when he gravely calls your gloves *mannaries* (he does not wear them), and your dressing-gown a *podoris*; expresses his mournful regret that there is no *scuophylacium* in the *presbytery*, nor any *bankers* on the walls; gently admonishes you for standing bareheaded by the grave at your time of life, when prudence would suggest, and ecclesiastical precedent would recommend, the use of the *anabata*; tells you he always goes about with a *totum* under his arm, and a *virge* in his right hand. When he vanishes you slyly peep into your Du Cange, but the *bankers* are quite too much for you. I am not much more ignorant than other men of my age, but I never did pretend to omniscience, and when I don't know a thing I am not ashamed of asking questions. But our modern curates never ask questions. "Inquire within upon everything" seems to be stamped upon every line of their placid faces. When I was a young curate I was very shy and timid, and held my dear rector in some awe. It might have been hoped that as the years went by I should have grown out of this weakness—but no! I am horribly afraid of the *curates* now. I hardly dare open my mouth before my superiors, and that they are my superiors I should not for a moment presume to question. I know my place, and I tremble lest I should betray my silliness by speaking unadvisedly with my lips. All this is very trying to a man who will never see sixty again. The hoary head is no crown at all to the eyes of the young and learned. They don't yet cry out at me, "Go up, thou baldhead," but I can't help suspecting that they're only waiting to do it sooner or later. For myself I have, unfortunately, never been able to afford to engage the services of a clergyman who should assist me in my ministrations. So much the worse for me, and so much the worse for my parish. When I am no longer able to do my own pastoral work, I shall feel the pinch of poverty; but I am resolved to be very meek to my curate when he shall vouchsafe to take me under his protection. I will do as I am told.

It is a very serious fact, however, which we cannot but think of with anxiety, that since the *curate market* rose, as it did some fifteen or twenty years ago, there has been a large incursion of young men into the ministry of the Church of England who are not gentlemen by birth, education, sentiment, or manners, and who bring into the profession (regarded as a mere profession) no *capital* of any sort—

no capital I mean of money, brains, culture, enthusiasm, or force of character. This is bad enough, but there is a worse behind it. These young curates almost invariably marry, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. My friends assure me, and my observation confirms it, that the domestic career of these young people is sometimes very pathetic. Sanguine, affectionate, simple-minded, and childlike, they learn the hard lessons of life all too late, and their experience comes to them, as Coleridge said, "like the stern lights of a ship, throwing a glare only upon the path behind." When their children come upon them with the usual rapidity, it is but rarely that we country parsons keep these married curates among us. They emigrate into the towns for the sake of educating their progeny, or because they soon find out that there is no hope of preferment for them among the villages. When there is no family, or when the bride has brought her spouse some small accession of income, the couple stay where they are for years till somebody gives them a small living, and there they do as others do. But in the first exuberance of youth, and when the youthful pair are highly delighted with the position that has been acquired, *he* is profoundly impressed with the sense of his importance, and *she* exalted at the notion of having married a "clergyman and a gentleman;" *he* is apt to be stuck up, and *she* is very apt to be huffy. It's bad enough to be associated officially with an underbred man, but it's a great deal worse to find yourself brought into social relations, which cannot be avoided, with an underbred woman. The curate's wife is sometimes a very dreadful personage, but then most dreadful when she is a "young person" of your own parish who has angled for the clerical stickleback and landed him.

The Reverend Percy De la Pole was a courtly gentleman, sensitive, fastidious, and just a trifle, a little trifle, distant in his demeanor. His curate, the Rev. Giles Goggs, was a worthy young fellow enough, painstaking and assiduous, anxious to do his duty, and not at all airified. We all liked him till Rebecca Busk overcame him. Mr. De la Pole was cautious and reserved by temperament; but who has never committed a mistake? In an evil hour—how could he have been so imprudent?—he gently warned the curate against the wiles of Miss Busk and her family, telling him that she was far from being a desirable match, and going to the

length of saying plainly that she was making very indelicate advances. "All that may be quite true," replied Mr. Goggs, "but I am sure you will soon change your opinion. I come in now to let you know that I am engaged to be married to Miss Busk." From that day our reverend neighbor had so bad a time of it that it is commonly believed his valuable life was shortened by his sufferings. I am afraid some people behaved very cruelly, for they could not help laughing. Mrs. Goggs took her revenge in the most vicious way. On all public occasions she clasped the rector's arm and looked up in his face with the tenderest interest. She tripped across lawns at garden parties to pluck him by the sleeve, screamed out with shrill delight when he appeared, called him her dear old father confessor, giggled and smirked and patted him, and fairly drove him out of the place at last by finding that he had twice preached borrowed sermons, and keeping the discovery back till the opportune moment arrived, when, at a large wedding party, she shook her greasy little ringlets at him with a wicked laugh, exclaiming, "Ah! you dear old sly-boots, when you can speak like that, why do you preach the Penny Pulpit to us?" The wretched victim could not hold up his head after that, and when a kind neighbor strongly advised him to dismiss the curate whose wife was unbearable, the broken-down old gentleman feebly objected. "My dear friend, I may have an opportunity of getting preferment for Mr. Goggs some day, but in the mean time I have no power to send away my curate because his wife—well, because his wife is *not nice*."

It often happens that the parson has to go away from his parish for some months, and he finds considerable difficulty in getting any one to take charge of it during his absence. At the eleventh hour he is compelled to take the last chance applicant. And behold, he and his parishioners are given over to a *locum tenens*. This is nothing more than saying that he has put himself into the power of a man with a loose end.

When the worthy rector of Corton-in-the-Brake had reached his fiftieth year, he obtained an accession of fortune and gave out that he intended to marry. He furnished his house anew at a great expense, and found no difficulty in getting a wife. Then he vowed that he would go to the south of France for the winter, and get a curate. He was a prim and punctilious personage, and he did not mean to deal

shabbily with his substitute. But two things he insisted on: first, that this *locum tenens* should be married, and secondly that he should be childless. He got exactly the right man at last, a scholarly, well-dressed, and evidently accomplished gentleman, who spoke of Mrs. Connor with respectful confidence and affection, who had been married ten years, and had no family, who made no difficulties except that the stables were, he feared, inconveniently too small, but he would make shift. With a mind relieved and a blissful honeymoon before him, the Rev. John Morris set out for Nice—in the days when the railway system was not as complete as now—and the Rev. Mr. Connor arrived at the rectory the next Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Connor came too, with *fourteen brindled bulldogs*. That was her speciality, and she gave her whole mind to keeping the breed pure and making large sums by every litter. During the following week appeared seven pupils, the rejected of the several public schools, who were committed to the care of Mr. Connor to be kept out of their parents' sight and to "prepare for the university." Mrs. Connor kept no female servants. Not a woman or a girl dared pass the rectory gate. The Connors had a man cook and *men housemaids*. The bulldogs would prow! about the neighborhood in threes and fours with a slow, shuffling trot, sniffing, growling, turning their hideous bloodshot eyes at you, undecided whether or not to tear you limb from limb, and then passing on with menacing contempt. Sometimes there were rumors of horrible fights; no one dared to separate the brutes except Mrs. Connor. Once the two mightiest of the bulldogs got "locked," as the head man expressed it. "What did you do?" "Do? Why I shrook out to Billy to hang on, and I called the missus, and she gave 'em the hot un, and they give in!" The *hot un* turned out to be a thin bar of steel with a wooden handle which was always kept ready for use in the kitchen fire, and which Mrs. Connor had her own method of applying red hot so as to paralyze the canine culprit without blemishing him. But imagine the condition of that newly furnished parsonage when the poor rector came back to his home.

It is easy for everybody else to look only at the ludicrous side, but the clerical sufferer has to bear the real bitterness of such an experience, and to him the mere damage to his property is the least part of the business. Everybody says sulkily,

"Why were we left to such a man as that?" For the country parson has to answer for all the sins and shortcomings of those whom he leaves to represent himself; all their indiscretions, their untidiness, their careless reading, their bad preaching, their irreverence or their foolery, their timidity or their violence, their ignorance or their escapades. One man is horribly afraid of catching the measles; another "has never been accustomed to cows" and will not go where they are; a third is a woman-hater, and week by week bawls out strong language against the other sex beginning with Eden and ending with Babylon. The absentee returns to find everything has been turned topsyturvy. The *locum tenens* has set every one by the ears, altered the times of service, broken your pony's knees, had your dog poisoned for howling at the moon, or kept a monkey in your drawing-room. People outside laugh, but when you are the sufferer, and the conviction is forced upon you that harm has been done which you cannot hope to see repaired, you are not so likely to laugh as to do the other thing.

Shall I go on to dwell upon the aggrieved parishioner, the amenities of the school board, the anxieties of the school treat, the scenes at the meetings of the poor-law guardians, the faithful laity who come to expostulate, to ask your views and to set you right? Shall I? Shall I dwell upon the occasional sermons which some delegate from some society comes and fulminates against you and your people? Nay! Silence on some parts of our experience is golden.

When we have said all that need be said about the minor vexations and worries which are incident to the country parson's life, and which, like all men who live in isolation, he is apt to exaggerate, there is something still behind it all which only a few feel to be an evil at all, and which those who do feel, for many good reasons, are shy of speaking about; partly because they know it to be incurable, partly because if they do touch upon it they are likely to be tabulated among the dissatisfied, or are credited with unworthy motives which they know in their hearts that they are not swayed by.

That which really makes the country parson's position a cheerless and trying one is its absolute *finality*. Dante's famous line ought to be carved upon the lintel of every country parsonage in England. When the new rector on his in-

duction takes the key of the church, locks himself in, and tolls the bell, it is his own passing-bell that he is ringing. He is shutting himself out from any hope of a further career upon earth. He is a man transported for life, to whom there will come no reprieve. Whether he be the sprightly and sanguine young bachelor of twenty-four who takes the family living, or the podgy plebeian whose uncle the butcher has bought the advowson for a song, or the college tutor, fastidious, highly cultured, even profoundly learned, who has accepted university preferment, or the objectionable and quarrelsome man, whom it was necessary to provide for by "sending into the country"—be he who he may, gifted or very much the reverse, careless or earnest, slothful or zealous, genial, eloquent, wise, and notoriously successful in his ministrations, or the veriest stick and humdrum that ever snivelled through a homily—from the day that he accepts a country benefice he is a shelved man, and is put upon the retired list as surely as the commander in the navy who disappears on half pay. I do not mean only that the country parson is never promoted to the higher dignities in the Church, or that cathedral preferment is very rarely bestowed upon him; but I do mean that he is never moved from the benefice in which he has once been planted. You may ply me with instances to the contrary here and there, but they are instances only numerous enough to illustrate the universality of the law which prevails—*once a country parson always a country parson*; where he finds himself there he has to stay.

As long as the patronage of ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England remains in the hands it has remained in for a thousand years and more, and as long as the tenure of the benefice continues to be as it is and as it has been since feudal times, I can see no remedy and no prospect that things should go on otherwise than they do now. Give a man some future in whatever position you put him, and he will be content to give you all his best energies, his time, his strength, his fortune, in return for the chance of recognition that he may sooner or later reasonably look forward to; but there is no surer way of making the ablest man a *fainéant* at the best, a soured and angry revolutionist at the second best, and something even more odious and degraded at the worst, than to shut him up in a cage like Sterne's starling, and bid him sing gaily and hop briskly from perch to perch till the end of

his days, with a due supply of sopped bread crumbs and hemp seed found for him from day to day, and a sight of the outer world granted him—through the bars.

There is a something which appeals to our pity in every career *manqué*. The statesman who made one false step, the soldier who at the crisis of his life was out-generalled, the lawyer who began so well but who proved not quite strong enough for the strain he had to bear—we meet them now and then where we should least have expected to find them, the obliterated heroes of the hour, and we say with a kindly sigh, "This man might have had another chance." But each of these has had his chance; they have *worked up* to a position, and have forfeited it when it has been proved they were in the wrong place; they have gone into the battle of life, and the fortune of war has gone against them; tried by the judgment of that world which is so "cold to all that might have been," they have been found wanting; they have had to step aside, and make way for abler men than themselves. But up and down the land in remote country parsonages—counting by the hundreds—there are to be found those who have never had, and never will have, any chance at all of showing what stuff is in them—men of real genius shrivelled, men of noble intellect its expansion arrested, men fitted to lead and rule, men of force of character and power of mind, who from the day that they entered upon the charge of a rural parish have had never a chance of deliverance from

The dull mechanic pacing to and fro,
The set grey life and apathetic end.

You might as well expect from such as these that they should be able to break away from their surroundings, or fail to be dwarfed and cramped by them, as expect that Robinson Crusoe should develop into a sagacious politician.

"Pathos," did I say? How often have I heard the casual visitor to our wilds exclaim with half-incredulous wonder, "What, *that* Parkins? Why, he used to walk the streets of Camford like a god! He carried all before him. The younger dons used to say the world was at his feet—a ball that he might kick over what goal he might please to choose. And was that other really the great Dawkins, whose lectures we used to hear of with such envy, we of St. Chad's College, who had to content ourselves with little Smug's platitudes? Dawkins! How St. Mary's used

to be crowded when he preached! Old Dr. Stokes used to say Dawkins had too much fire and enthusiasm for Oxbridge. He called him Savonarola, and he meant it for a sneer. And that's Dawkins! How are the mighty fallen!"

I lay innocent traps for my casuals now and then, when I can persuade some of the effaced ones to come and dine with us, but it is often just a little too sad. They are like the ghosts of the heroic dead. Men of sixty, old before their time; the broad massive brow, with the bar of Michael Angelo, is there, but — the eyes that used to flash and kindle have grown dim and sleepy, those lips that curled with such fierce scorn, or quivered with such glad playfulness or subtle drollery — it seems as if it were yesterday — have become stiff and starched. Poverty has come and hope has gone. Dawkins knew so little about the matter that he actually believed he only required to get a *pied à terre* such as a college living would afford him, and a (nominal) income of 700*l.* a year, and there would be a fresh world to conquer as easy to subdue as the old academic world which was under his feet. Poor Dawkins! Poor Parkins! Poor any one who finds himself high and dry some fine morning on his island home, while between him and the comrades who helped him to his fate the distance widens; for him there is no escape, no sailing back. There are the fruits of the earth, and the shade of the trees, and the wreckage of other barks that have stranded there; but there is no to-morrow with a different promise from to-day's, nor even another islet to look to when this one has been made the most of and explored, only the resource of acquiescence as he muses on the things that were,

Gazing far out foamward.

Such men as these I have in my mind were never meant to be straitened and poor. They never calculated upon six or eight children who have to be educated; the real dreariness of the prospect, its crushing unchangeableness, only gradually reveals itself to them; they shut their eyes not so much because they will not as because they *cannot* believe that such as they have no future. Their first experience of life led up to the full conviction that character and brain-power *must* sooner or later bring a man to the first rank — what did it matter where a man cast anchor for a time? So they burnt their ships bravely, "hope like a fiery column before them, the dark side not yet turned."

But suppose there was no scope for the brains and consequently no demand for them? We in the wilderness have abundance of butter and eggs, but *keep* these commodities long enough and they infallibly grow a trifle stale.

People say with some indignation, "What a pity, what a shame, that Parkins and Dawkins should be buried as they are!" No, that is not the shame nor the pity; the shame is that, being buried, they should have no hope of being dug up again. Yonder splendid *larva* may potentially be a much more splendid *imago*; let it bury itself by all means, but do not keep it forever below ground. Do not say to it, "Once there, you must stop there, there and there only. For such as you there shall be no change, your resting-place shall inevitably be your grave."

But if it be a melancholy spectacle to see the wreck of a man of great intellect and noble nature, whom banishment in his prime and poverty in his old age have blighted, scarcely less saddening is the sight of the active and energetic young man of merely ordinary abilities to whom a country living has come in his youth and vigor, and once for all has stunted his growth and extinguished his ambition. There is no man more out of place and who takes longer to fit into his place than the worthy young clergyman who has been ordained to a town curacy, kept for four or five years at all the routine work of a large town parish, worked and admirably organized as — thank God! — most large town parishes are, and who, at eight or nine and twenty, is dropped down suddenly into a small village, and told that there he is to live and die. He does not know a horse from a cow. He has had his regular work mapped out for him by his superior officer as clearly as if he were a policeman. He has been part of a very complex machinery, religious, educational, eleemosynary. Every hour has been fully occupied, so occupied that he has lost all the habits of reading and study which he ever possessed. He has to preach at least one hundred sermons in the course of the year, and there is not a single one in his very small repertory that is in the least suitable for the new congregation; and for the first time in his life he finds himself called upon to stand alone with no one to consult, no one to lean on, no one to help him, and in so much a worse condition than the original Robinson Crusoe that the indigenous sons of the soil come and stare at him with an eye to their chances of getting a meal out

of him, or making a meal off him, in the mean time doing as the wicked always have done since the Psalmist's days, making mouths at him and ceasing not.

Talk of college dons being thrown away upon a handful of bumpkins! You forget that the cultured academic has almost always some resources within himself, some tastes, some pursuits; and if he spends too many hours in his library, at any rate his time does not hang heavily upon his hands. When he goes among his people he will always have something to tell them which they did not know before, and something to inquire of them which they will be glad to tell him about. But your young city curate pitchforked into a rural benefice when all his sympathies and habits and training are of the streets streety, is the most forlorn, melancholy, and dazed of all human creatures. An omnibus-driver compelled to keep a lighthouse could scarcely be more deserving of our commiseration. Ask him in his moments of candor and depression, when he realizes that he has reached the limit of his earthly hopes, when he has been in his parsonage long enough to know that he will never leave it for any other cure, when he realizes that he must (by the nature of the case, and by the unalterable law which prevails for such as he) wax poorer and poorer year by year, and that men may come and men may go, but he will stay where he is till he drops—ask him what he thinks of the bliss of a country living, its independence, its calm, its sweetness, its security, above all, ask him whether he does not think the great charm of his position is that he can never be turned out of it, and I think you will find some of these young fellows impatiently giving you just the answer you did *not* expect. I am sure you will find *some* among them who will reply: "It is a useful life for a time. It is a happy life for a time. For a time there is a joy in the country parson's life which no other life can offer; but we have come to see that this boasted fixity of tenure is the weak point, not the strong one; it is movement we want among us, not stagnation; the parson's freehold is a fraud."

Our vehement young friends in the first warmth of their conversion to new ideas are apt to express themselves with more force than elegance, and to push their elders somewhat rudely from behind. But they mean what they say, and I am glad they are coming to think as they do. As for us, the veterans who have lived through sixty summers and more, there is no cloud

of promise for us in the horizon. *We* are not the men who have anything to gain by any change; we know the corner of the churchyards where our bones will lie. We do not delude ourselves; some of us never looked for any career when we retired into the wilderness. We asked for a refuge only, and that we have found.

O Hope of all the ends of the earth, is it a small thing that for the remainder of our days we are permitted to witness for thee among the poor and sad and lowly ones?

But you, the strong and young and fervid, take heed how you leave the life of the camp, its stir and throb and discipline, too soon. Take heed now, before the time you join the reserve, only to discover too late that you are out of harmony with your surroundings, that you are fretting against the narrowness of inclosure within which you are confined, that there is for you no outlook—none—only a bare subsistence and a safe berth, as there is for other hulks laid up to rot at ease. If that discovery comes upon you soon enough, break away! *Make* the change that will not come, and leave others to chuckle over their fixity of tenure, and their security, and their trumpety boast that "no one can turn them out." But let us have your testimony before we part—you and we. Bear witness yes or no! Has the consciousness of occupying a position from which you could never be removed raised you in your own estimation, or helped you for one single moment to do your duty? Has it never kept you down? *Frauds* are for the weak, not for the strong—for the coward, not for the brave; they are for these who only live to rust at ease, as if to breathe were life; they are not for such as make the ventures of faith, and help their brethren to overcome the world.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIP MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GHOSTS.

A WEEK passed, and Cable did not reappear at the Hall. Josephine hardly expected that he would, but she half—more than half—wished that he would.

He had loved her; she knew that, and it mortified her to think that his love had died so easily. She did not wish to live with him on the first footing; but she did not desire to part from him in anger and unforgiveness. She made no second attempt to see him. She nursed her resentment at the injustice she conceived he had shown, and hugged herself in her pride. It was not for her to step down to him. She had asked his pardon, and he had refused it. Now, he must come to her, and acknowledge that there had been fault on his part.

Mr. Cornellis said not a word. Everything was progressing as best accorded with his wishes. He might spoil, he could not mend matters by putting his finger to them. Josephine's indiscreet marriage and this speedy separation were most convenient to him. She was married to a man who could not interfere with him. He was left with the Hall as his home, and Josephine's fortune pretty well at his disposal. A husband of her own class of life would have taken the management of her affairs into his own hands, and would have required him and Judith to find some other home.

He did not understand Cable. He had visited him without mentioning it to his daughter, and had made him a handsome offer to induce him to leave the place. His offer had been indignantly rejected. Why, Mr. Cornellis could not see. He supposed that Richard wanted to make better terms, and he was ready to offer them, but waited to see whether, on reconsideration, Cable would not come to his terms. Like all unprincipled men, he was incapable of admitting the existence of noble springs of action in others.

One morning, he came into the parlor with real surprise and perplexity in his face. "Josephine," he said, "what do you think has happened? That poor Richard of yours has given us the slip; he has gone off with all his goods and chattels."

"Gone, papa!"

"Gone, and joy go with him—gone in the yacht. He has kept the plan to himself. Last night, he cleared out, live-stock and all, his mother and all the litter; and the vessel sailed this morning early; she went out with the tide."

"Papa!—you do not mean this! Gone! Gone whither?"

"That is more than I can say; let us hope to explore the north-west passage. We will send no expeditions after them. If the polar bears eat them, may they find

the Cables great and small to their taste; they are not to ours."

Josephine made no response. She was too surprised to speak, and not a little distressed. Richard gone, and gone without a farewell—gone for how long? Gone, possibly, forever. Something rose in her throat and choked her. It was well, perhaps, that he had departed; but it was not well that he had gone without taking her hand in both his, looking into her eyes, and then, with broken voices, asking each other's mutual forgiveness for the past mistakes and estrangements.

After remaining for some time silent, thinking, and half disposed to cry, Josephine said: "Papa, do make inquiries. I must know whither he is gone; I cannot endure uncertainty."

"You will not charter a vessel and sail after him?"

"No, papa; but I want to know where he is. Has he left no message, not a note, for me?"

"Not a word, which is perhaps fortunate; a word would have been pronounced, and a letter spelled, wrong."

"Don't speak like that, papa—it—it pains me."

"Indeed! You have become sensitive very suddenly."

There is a kind of woman widely dispersed throughout the civilized world who not only eats nothing but veal, but looks upon it as her proper destiny to bleed calves and reduce their flesh to a condition of veal. To their minds, veal is the only allowable food; the woman who touches beef is to be shunned as a dangerous person. To suit the taste of these women, everything must be reduced to a condition of veal—the lifeblood, the color, the warmth, be bled out of it. These women precipitate themselves, as by natural gravitation, into the arms of ministers of religion, because they find in their minds the nearest approach to intellectual veal, and listen in sweet complacency to their sermons, which are elocutionary veal. Their favorite reading consists of insipid and harmless novels, in which is neither fire of passion nor spark of originality. To feel deeply, to think independently, are to them tokens of a beefy nature, demanding the lancet and the letting of blood. They delight in pale colors, half-tints, weak morality, milk puddings, and afternoon teas. If they could get their tea to draw without the water being raised to a boil, it would please them well.

A century ago, every man went to the barber in spring and was "let blood;"

and our grandmothers all underwent a similar veal-producing process, morally, spiritually, mentally; nowadays, a few dashing calves kick up their heels and frisk about the field and refuse to submit to have their jugular cut.

All respect to the good women who go about with their lancets and little measures for blood; veal is an excellent meat; we must be thankful to them for producing it; but they exceed their province, they excite our remonstrance, when they insist on our eating nothing but veal. The best meat may pall on us when we have no variety, and to some stomachs veal is positively indigestible. But these veal-eating women are apt to be censorious, and to condemn everything that contains all but a modicum of blood.

Aunt Judith was a veal-eater; she was a worthy woman, of narrow intellect and commonplace mind. Her brother was somewhat of a trial to her; her niece, a very grievous one. The boldness of character, the independence of thought, in Josephine frightened her. She could not understand her brother. More than half his sarcasms glinted off the surface of her mind, incapable of receiving them and feeling their point.

Josephine sat with her aunt in the afternoon, but was scarce conscious of her presence. Her mind was away on the sea, following the yacht over the blue waves and the foaming white horses. In which direction were the bows turned? What was the plan in Richard's brain?

It is a strange fact that a woman rarely appreciates the force of her own stabs. She regards the wounds she deals as light matters, to be easily patched over and quickly healed. That they should go down to the bone, be liable to fester—that they should leave permanent scars, never enters her head. So now, Josephine laid little weight on the provocation she had given; and she resented the conduct of Richard in leaving her without an interview, as an undeserved injury.

Aunt Judith broke in on her reverie by saying, "I wonder when Mr. Cable will return. Perhaps he has taken the children a sail for change of air. I feel a want of a change myself."

"I do not think he will return," said Josephine. "He has taken the furniture of the cottage with him."

"What has made him do that?"

"He is no doubt going to make a home elsewhere."

"Why should he leave Hanford?" asked Judith.

"He has been uncomfortable in this house; he is not accustomed to the restraints of our mode of life," replied Josephine.

"Uncomfortable! The dinner has always been well cooked. What more can he desire?"

"It was not the food which disagreed with him."

"It is a pity that he should go, considering who he is," muttered Judith Cornellis.

"Who he is? He has been a fish out of water."

"I do not mean that," said Aunt Judith. "Considering who he is, he ought to be here. Of course he has told you about himself and his origin?"

"I do not understand. Of course I know——"

"Then you know that in common justice he ought to be in this house. I think Gabriel behaved very badly in the matter. I know I have not much cleverness; but I can see that Mr. Cable has been hardly treated. Your father says that man is an intelligent animal, and woman also—intermittently. I suppose I have an intermittent interval of intelligence now and then; and it does seem to me very hard on Richard Cable that he, being the son of Gabriel Gotham, should not have this house and estate for his own; or, at all events, that he should not have been provided for independently."

"Richard—Gabriel Gotham's son?"

"Yes, of course. He must have told you the story. Your father did not wish you to know it before you were married; but now that you are Mrs. Cable, there is no objection to our talking about it."

"Richard never said a word about this to me. I am quite sure he did not know who was his father. Yes—I am positive—he told me that himself; and he never said what was false."

"He did not know? Nonsense, my dear; of course his mother told him."

"Aunt, I am convinced to the contrary. You do not understand Mrs. Cable. She is very proud, as proud as if she were a lady. And Richard feels so delicately, that I know he would ask her nothing."

"Mrs. Cable always was a proud and reserved woman. She refused a very handsome allowance that was offered her by the family, when the marriage was annulled."

"Gabriel and she were married?"

"Yes; they were married in Scotland. He ran away with her from Newcastle. It was an unusual course, and therefore

very wrong, and it brought after it the natural consequences of all wrong-doing."

"But, aunt, how is it, if they were married, that Mrs. Cable did not live with Cousin Gotham and bear his name?"

"Because the marriage was annulled. By Scottish law, those who are married must have resided a certain number of days in the country. They had not been the full time by five hours, so that the marriage was declared illegal."

"But — how monstrous! — why did not Cousin Gabriel come with her to England and get married again? That would have made all right."

"He found that he had made a mistake; and he took advantage of the legal flaw to slip out of the marriage."

"But — Aunt Judith — the child — I mean Richard?"

"My dear, of course, as the marriage was invalidated, Richard was illegitimate. The marriage was annulled before he was born."

Josephine started from her chair and went to the window.

"When Gabriel married Bessie Cable, he was young and inconsiderate, and soon discovered they were an ill-assorted pair. His father and uncle used their influence, and he made no objection to a separation."

Josephine's face flamed. She stood at the window looking out.

"You see now what I mean," pursued Judith Cornellis. "If it had not been for that slip of five hours, Richard Cable would be Richard Gotham and squire of Hanford."

"It was infamous — infamous!" muttered Josephine.

"I cannot say that it was right of Gabriel not to acknowledge him, or at least to leave him a provision in his will. But then — as you married Richard, all seemed to settle itself practically, and the injustice to rectify itself; but now, all is wrong again. You perceive, my dear, how wrong it is to take a course which is unusual; it lands in all kinds of difficulties."

"It was infamous — infamous!" repeated Josephine.

"I would hardly use so strong a term," said Miss Cornellis. "It was inconsiderate, perhaps, of Gabriel Gotham, and a little failing in justice to Richard Cable. But perhaps Gabriel considered that as Bessie Cable refused everything that was offered her, she might influence her son to adopt the same obstinate and unreasonable conduct."

"She comes out best — far, far the best

in the whole ugly story," said Josephine vehemently. "How could Cousin Gabriel be so base — so shabby?"

"My dear, it was a most unsuitable match. If you and Richard had been married in Scotland, and there was a flaw of five hours, would you not be glad now to seize the occasion?"

"No, no! It was despicable; it was taking advantage of the poor woman's ignorance."

"I am sure that Gabriel was equally ignorant at first. It was only when the matter was looked into that the flaw was found."

"Aunt," said Josephine, crossing the room, pulling a withered flower out of a vase, then going to the window again, and then to the table to arrange the books, "aunt, I feel like a robber. I have driven Richard away out of this house. I have taken all the money, all the land, everything to myself, which by equity belongs to him."

"I wish you would not dash about in the room like a bird that has got in and cannot find its way out. Sit down, and talk of this matter easily."

"I cannot. I cannot keep my hands or my feet quiet. I am tingling in all my nerves. I feel as if I had committed a dreadful crime. If I tease you, I will go out. I must speak about this to papa."

"My dear — on no account!" exclaimed Miss Cornellis, in a tone of alarm. "He would be very angry with me for mentioning it to you."

"But why was I not told before? How long have you known this?"

"Oh, for many years. It has been a family scandal, that has been hushed up."

"I ought to have been informed of the circumstances. I would not have accepted Cousin Gabriel's estate."

"You could not help yourself. It was left, not directly to you, but to trustees for your use."

"It was wrong in you, in my father, not to tell me everything. I cannot remain still. I irritate you with my pacing about. I cannot help myself. I must see papa."

"He is out now, and will not be in for some hours."

"That is as well. I will go to the wind-strew and sit there. I am so agitated, so angry, so surprised. This is sprung on me. I have been shamefully treated. I ought not to have been kept in ignorance."

She swept out of the room. She felt the necessity for being alone. This strange revelation was fraught with consequences not to be gauged in a minute. What was

that which Mrs. Cable had said about the cuckoo turning the little birds out of their parents' nest? She was the cuckoo; she had taken to herself the nest that of right belonged to Richard; she had done more — she had driven him, his mother and children, out of their own modest cottage, as well. Could she sit still and ruffle her plumes, and spread her feathers, and occupy the nest that was not hers by right, leaving them outcasts?

Why had her father kept the secret so closely from her? She shrank from the conclusion. Why, knowing what he did, had he counselled her to insult her husband and drive him away? She shrank from the answer she made to herself. At once, with great determination, she resolved not any more to ask advice of her father and be guided by his opinion. She must think out the situation for herself, form her own resolution, and act on it, in defiance of every remonstrance from him or Aunt Judith. *He* would stand in the way of her doing what was just, and *she* would object to what was unusual. Josephine sat on the windstrew, her head spinning, hot rushes of anger sweeping through her arteries, followed by cold qualms of heart-sickness. As she thus sat, her fingers plucked at the breasting of bricks, peeled away flakes of velvety moss, scratched out scraps of mortar, picked away chips of brick, and flung them over the unprotected side among the broken potsherds. She looked over and saw a mouldering collection of garden refuse — old geranium roots turned out of their pots and half-decayed flower-sticks, the fragments of a shattered garden vase of terra-cotta, the accumulation of years of broken flower-pots — a home for the slug and the centipede and the wood-louse. This was the bed on which Gabriel Gotham had fallen, a bed that truly symbolized his mind.

Josephine could not shake the thought of Gabriel out of her head, now that she had looked on the place where he had fallen and met his death. As she sat on the windstrew, with the smell of decay steaming up from the refuse-heap, his feeble, shivering ghost seemed to rise out of it and shake its hands deprecatingly, and jabber an appeal for pitiful consideration. She had been throwing the bits of mortar and brick down where he had fallen, and with them had cast hard and reproachful thoughts at the dead man. She could not thank him for what he had done for her; he had enriched her at the cost of a gross injustice committed on his

son. What an utterly mean, selfish creature Gotham had been! His roundabout way of compensating Richard through her had been on a par with all his tortuous methods through life.

She could not endure to remain on the windstrew surrounded with sights that brought Cousin Gotham before her; she would go to the cottage, to a healthier atmosphere, and satisfy herself whether her father had spoken the truth. It was possible that Mr. Cornellis, in all things false, had deceived her in this particular also. So she went out at the garden gate and along the sea-wall. This was her shortest way, and it suited her best. She did not wish to be seen in the road; she thought that every one she passed would look reproachfully at her. She could not endure to encounter their eyes. She went along the wall to the sandy path that led from the village to the shore, then by the moat to the bridge, and over the bridge into the garden. All was there as if nothing had occurred. The beds were in beautiful order; the vine on the roof showed a hundred little bunches of swelling berries. This year, no little children would sit upon the stages of the ladder, looking for the purple fruit their father would pass down to them. She had spoiled that pleasure for them. There was the slope with the bed of thyme and marjoram and mint, where the little ones sat in the sun, and baby Bessie went to sleep with fragrant herbs crushed in her little hands. She had spoiled that pleasure for them likewise. The scarlet-runners that Richard had staked were in bloom, in scarlet, and there were no little eyes to admire the lovely flowers.

She went to the house and tried the door. It was fast. But she knew that there was a loose pane in the scullery window beside the back door, which could be removed, and the hand thrust in and the bolt drawn back. Cable had told her of this contrivance, by means of which he could enter his house at all times without disturbing the inmates. She removed the pane, and easily unfastened the door. Then she entered. The house was deserted, and almost wholly cleared of its contents; but it was unlike most abandoned dwellings, for it had been cleaned and tidied before it was left. The few things that remained, hardly worth removal, had been placed in order. There was a plain, solid deal table in the centre of the kitchen that had not been removed. Against the wall, in the corner, was the cradle, reversed, the rockers upwards.

"How like Richard!" thought Josephine. "He has turned the little crib over, that the dust may not fall into it."

He had not taken the cradle away. Bessie was grown almost too big for a cradle, and he would never have another baby. A slight quiver passed from Josephine's heart to her finger-ends.

The brick floor had been swept, the hearth tidied, the cinders were brushed into a little heap. Something white showed among them. Josephine knelt on the dead hearth, put her hand to the ashes, and extracted some scraps of card. They were her mounted cabinet photograph, torn twice across, downwards and sideways, with a firm hand. So had Richard taken the thought, the memory of Josephine, out of his heart and cast it from him forever. A pang shot through the breast of Josephine, as though his hand were on her heart and were tearing it twice across, downwards and laterally. She threw the scraps of the despised portrait on the ground, then stooped and picked them up. "He would not wish any scraps—even these—to litter about;" and she replaced them among the cinders.

There was no resentment in her bosom now; all her wrath against Richard had died away; her sense of wrong was swallowed up in the thought of the great injustice done to him.

She wondered whether she could find anywhere in the house a photograph of himself. She had never seen one. He was too modest to think of being taken; but it was not improbable that his mother had insisted on his being photographed when he was younger, and there was a chance, a poor chance, of a copy being left behind. She ascended the staircase and looked about the bedrooms. There were nails in the walls where little looking-glasses and pictures and texts had hung; but there were no photographs; nothing left but the nails, and one illuminated text, "When all these things come upon you—then LOOK UP."

The bedrooms were quite empty; the floor had been recently washed, and had not a footmark on it. The blinds had been removed from the windows. The rooms looked utterly forlorn. She came sadly down-stairs again.

In a corner of the kitchen was a shelf with drawers let into the wall—a fixture, therefore not removed. On the shelf was a bundle of old clothes of the children, neatly pinned together—rags, no longer fit for wear by them; and in the drawers was a small straw hat, tied up in Richard's

blue pocket-handkerchief—that handkerchief at which she had sneered. The little hat had perhaps been forgotten; perhaps it was not wanted, and Richard had left purposely the handkerchief, which would remind him of one of his wife's sarcasms. She unknotted the ends of the kerchief and took it in her hand.

From the ceiling in the kitchen, depending from a crook, hung a fresh bunch of everlastings, pink and white flowers of that summer, not yet dried—hung head downwards, that they might dry expanded. Then Josephine's heart swelled up, and she choked. Hastily she drew the inverted cradle from the wall and put it near the table, under the tuft of fading everlastings, and sat down on the cradle, between the rockers, and put her face into her hands and wept. It was as though the spirit of Richard Cable rose before her out of the cold ashes on the hearth, from among the torn fragments of her own likeness—not the spirit of the wounded, angry, unforgiving, despairing man, as she had last seen him, but as of old, gentle, humble, full of divine trust and love.

She cried long; her own little white handkerchief was soaked, and she wept tears of bitter self-reproach into the great blue dishcloth she had so scorned; and when the fountain of her tears dried, then she held the kerchief to her aching heart, and presently again buried her face in it. There was naught ridiculous to her now in the blue handkerchief with its white spots.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BENEATH THE EVERLASTINGS.

THE night had closed in, and still Josephine sat on the overturned cradle. The tears had dried up; but she continued to occupy the same place, holding Richard's handkerchief clasped in both her hands on her lap, looking straight before her, into vacancy—lost in thought. A soft yellowish-grey light filled the little window; but within the cottage kitchen all was dark, or at best was in deep twilight. Josephine had not moved for an hour. Her face was away from the window, in complete shadow. All at once a flash fell on her. She looked heavily up, with half-consciousness, to see her father and the rector before her.

"I knew she would be here," said the latter.

"I did not suppose her such a fool," muttered Mr. Cornellis.

"Then you see I knew her best," said the rector. "Josephine." He put out his hand, and she listlessly put her own into it. She liked and trusted Mr. Sellwood, who had known her from infancy.

"My dear child," he said, "your hand is cold and wet."

"I have been crying," she answered simply.

"You must need your dinner," said her father. "We have put it off, and off, awaiting you, and the soles will be burned to chips."

She said nothing in reply to her father; but her fingers closed on the rector's hand, as he was withdrawing it. "I want to speak to you, Mr. Sellwood—alone," she said. "Would you mind remaining here with me a little while?"

"But, Josephine," said her father, "dinner is spoiling; consider the soles."

"Please go home, papa, and eat the soles. I will not detain you. The matter about which I wish to speak is one I desire to speak about to the rector alone."

Mr. Cornellis considered for a moment. Josephine was fretting at the departure of her husband. Girls never know their own minds. It was perhaps natural that she should feel for a while his sudden disappearance. In a day or two, this chagrin would pass and the sense of relief prevail. It might relieve Josephine's mind to talk the affair over with Mr. Sellwood; it could do no possible harm. She was a girl who acted on her own impulses, and took no advice which did not agree with her own wishes. The rector might, and probably would, advise that she should open communication with Richard Cable and urge him to return. This evening, she might agree with him; to-morrow, she would come to a better mind.

Mr. Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. "I will leave the lantern with you," he said, "to help and lighten your consultation."

When he was gone, the rector set the lantern on the floor, and said, "Well, Josephine, you want my advice?"

"Oh no, Mr. Sellwood. I have made up my mind. I want you to tell me how I can carry out my own intentions."

"Well done, young woman; this is frankly put. It is not always that your sex is so outspoken. They ask advice, and follow it only if agreeable to their own fancies."

"I want to tell you everything, rector," she said. "I have acted very foolishly—I mean very wrongly. I have worked a vast amount of mischief; and now, I have

been trying to find out how I may undo it."

"What have you done? Tell me that first; and secondly, what you are going to do to mend it. Then I will give you my advice."

"I do not ask your advice."

"Oh! I beg pardon; I forgot," said the old parson, somewhat testily. "But I will not lend my hand to any star-scraping, scatter-brained scheme. You may not seek my advice; you may not value it; but the experience of a man of over sixty is worth something."

"Indeed, indeed, dear Mr. Sellwood, I value your opinion, your advice, most highly; but this is a case in which I must decide for myself. I have done one wrong after another, an injustice in ignorance, a wrong wilfully; and it appears to me clear as the day that I, and I alone, can work out my course for the future so as to amend the mischief. If you approve, I am very glad; but if not, I cannot help it. I must go my own way, or sin against my conscience. I know very well that my father will not approve; he and I see everything differently; and Aunt Judith will be indignant, and call my conduct wicked because it is not commonplace."

"Never mind about Aunt Judith—you are too severe."

"Mr. Sellwood," said Josephine, "would you mind sitting on the table, whilst I talk to you?"

"I will sit anywhere, my dear, to please you, anywhere but in a bishop's throne, and that—no—not for any one."

"Then I will remain here on poor little Bessie's cradle, at your feet."

"But not in a childlike spirit and in the mental attitude of a disciple, you head-strong piece of goods. You have made up your mind—to what, pray? How long have you taken forming it? A solid judgment is the first requisite in the making-up of minds, and that—excuse me—you lack."

"I have been very unhappy. I have cried till I have wet dear Richard's handkerchief through."

"So at last there is some community established between you. Both use the same pocket-handkerchief."

"Mr. Sellwood, I will tell you everything; but please not to interrupt me in my story."

The rector, who loved to hear his own voice, was nettled. "I am to pass no comments, as I am to tender no advice. Well, I will do my best; but I cannot promise silence."

"And yet you expect us to sit quiet when you preach, whether we agree with you or not."

The rector winced. "Go on," he said. "After that, I must be silent."

Then she told him the whole story of Gabriel Gotham and Bessie, as she had heard it from her aunt; and it filled the rector with astonishment. He had not heard anything of it before. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "Mrs. Cable is a wonderful woman to keep her mouth shut—proud, proud as a queen."

"A noble pride," said Josephine.

"Yes," he said. "I admit the correction—a proud-hearted woman, a grand woman; there are not many like her."

Then Josephine told him how she had only come to a knowledge of this a few hours ago.

"And already made up your mind upon it!" exclaimed the parson. He could not refrain from making his comments.

"Mr. Sellwood," Josephine went on—she withdrew her hand from his, and folded her arms over her bosom, but did not let go her hold of the blue handkerchief—"Mr. Sellwood, I have acted very wickedly. I dare say I acted without a wise discretion in marrying Richard. I was not in love with him."

"Then why in the world did you marry him? That was your sole excuse for committing an act of folly, and you have cast it from you."

"It was this which drove me to it. Papa was so disagreeable with me about him—he said such things that I was angry, and became defiant. Aunt Judith was stupid, as she always is, and I felt an inclination to fly in her face and thoroughly shock her. Then I got into that awkward predicament on the sea-wall at midnight, when you and Captain Sellwood came upon me with Richard. After that, matters were complicated by Cousin Gotham. I believe he did it purposely. He gave Richard the boat—in my name, and had the boat called by my name, and encouraged talk in the place about me and Richard, which made me very uncomfortable, and my father very angry; and I did not see how I could get out of the hobble, into which I had been partly thrust and had partly slipped, in any other way. I was nearly mad with annoyance and wounded vanity and irritated self-will. But that was not all. I saw that Richard was so natural, open, good, and true, and I felt so utterly at a loss where to look for a guide. My father——"

"Never mind about your father."

"I could not follow his advice; and I did not feel that I was secure in my own opinion of right and wrong. I suppose all women look for some one to whom to cling."

"My advice you never thought of asking for," said the rector in a tone fraught with mortified pride. "You seek me only to tell you how you may be enabled to follow your own whims without inconvenience."

"Do not be cross with me, Mr. Sellwood," pleaded Josephine. "I cannot explain to you exactly how I was situated at home; somehow, papa and I never had much in common, and we did not share confidences. I was driven to battle out my own way, sometimes going wrong, and sometimes right."

"Many times wrong, and sometimes right," suggested the rector.

"Possibly so." She paused, considered, and then said: "No; I do not think it. When I have gone wrong, I have been influenced from without. As for marrying Richard—that was not wrong, except in Aunt Judith's table of commandments, in which all that is not usual is wrong. No"—she spoke with the earnestness of sincerity—"I really believe that the prevailing thought in me was that in Richard I should find an ideal man of truth and honor, and that is why I took him."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the rector. "Because a man can drive a donkey-cart, that does not qualify him to drive a locomotive! Richard was all very well in his own sphere; but you transferred him to one he knew nothing about, in which he could not possibly assist you."

"I see that clearly enough now," said Josephine humbly. "I did not see it till too late; and then, when I became aware of it, I got impatient with him; I lost my temper, because he could not accommodate himself immediately to his new position. I exacted of him the impossible."

"To be sure you did."

"I made no allowances for him. I was irritated, and spoke rudely, insultingly to him. I even ridiculed this dear old blue handkerchief, which"—the tears began to trickle down her cheeks again—"which is now wet with my contrite tears."

The kind old rector took her hand and patted it between his own. "My dear," he said, "all will come right in the end, now; you have begun at the right end, with repentance."

"But he is gone away, gone with all his children and his mother without even say-

ing a good-bye. I have driven him out of his home. That is not all. You know his story now; you see that the Hall and the manor ought in common fairness to be his. What an injustice, what a wicked injustice, I have done him!"

"I am glad you acknowledge your faults, Josephine, that is the first step towards making all well again."

"This is nothing like all I have done, rector. I have spoiled the goodness that was in Richard. I have made him morose, bitter, and mistrustful. Even that is not all. It was through my fault that the poor little child was hurt. I had so angered him, that when he went to the Anchor he drank too much, and then —"

"Yes — I know the rest." Mr. Sellwood said no more. For once, he was silent. He was touched by the self-accusation of the girl, and he did not know, for once also, what to advise.

"Richard was so gentle, so full of thought for others, and pity for those who suffered in any way, so helpful to all who were weak; and now he is quite changed. He is sullen at one moment, fierce at the next. He no longer loves me — he told me so; and I know, I do know, that only a little while ago he loved me with his whole honest, noble heart. He has torn up my picture and thrown it among the ashes."

"He cannot tear you out of his memory."

"And he can remember me only as the murderess of his happiness, as the person who maimed his child; he can remember me only as an offender who is past being forgiven."

"I do not think it," said the rector. "Love is not killed so quickly. It may sink into the ground and disappear, like a spring in drought; but it will break up again, and flow as before."

"No, Mr. Sellwood; he will never love me again till I am quite changed from what I have been. I have been sitting here for a long time — how long, I do not know, considering what is to be done. Things must not remain as they are."

"Exactly; and if you ask my advice —"

"I do not. I have made up my mind."

"I beg your pardon; I forgot." He was a little huffed, and took away his hand from Josephine.

"Do not let me go," she pleaded. "I do not want to offend you. I have no one else to whom I can open my heart."

He took her hand again and pressed it, in assurance of his regard.

"Well, Mr. Sellwood, I have been turn-

ing the whole miserable muddle out, and arranging my thoughts and putting them in order, just as Richard would tidy everything into its proper place. There are a lot of things mixed together, and these I have sorted into their several lockers. First come Cousin Gotham's money and estate. I have no right to them. They belong in all fairness to Richard; that I see clearly; so I will have nothing more to do with them."

The rector started.

"Tell me," she asked, "tell me frankly, what you think."

"In law —"

"That is like my aunt Judith. Because Cousin Gotham was five hours short of his legal time in Scotland, therefore what is wrong is right."

"It is you now, Josephine, who interrupt. By law, you have a perfect, unsailable right to everything left by Mr. Gotham. Whether you are justified in accepting and keeping his bequest, under the circumstances, morally and in honor, is another matter."

"There! there!" she exclaimed almost exultantly. "You see I riddled out that conundrum right. The property belongs to Richard. He shall have it. I will not touch a penny of it more."

"But what of your father?"

"My father must manage for himself. I see my course plain before me. I go straight my own way, and put wax in my ears, so as not to hear any voice from outside, however sweetly singing."

"Go on, then. What next?"

"In the next place, I acknowledge that I did wrong in requiring Richard to shape himself to fit a position for which he was unsuited."

"Right again," said the rector.

"At his age, it is not possible for him to adapt himself, in every external, to what is required of him. In heart and mind, rector — oh, he is the truest gentleman! a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*."

Mr. Sellwood smiled at her enthusiasm.

"It would have been different, had he been quite a young man; but he is past the age when all the mental bones are flexible," said Josephine.

"I do not know that — with patience and in time —"

"No, rector; he must not again be subjected to the restraint and torture. He must be allowed to go his own simple way, unhampered by artificial checks and unteased by conventional regulations."

"Then what do you propose?"

"If we are to be reconciled, if he is

ever to be happy with me, the disparity between us must disappear."

"But how? You have just said he is too old to learn our social habits."

"Precisely; but I can go down to his level."

"My dear! What do you mean?"

"Do you not see that the only chance of our living happily together is for us to be on an equal footing? He has tried my level, and cannot sustain himself on it. I must take his."

"That is not practicable."

"Pardon me—it is. Do you not see that one step in this course I have mapped out leads to another? I have said that I will not have his money; therefore, I have nothing of my own. What I had, has been dissipated. I have not a penny. What must I do, then? I must earn my livelihood."

"Good gracious, Josephine!" The rector sprang from the table on which he had been seated.

"I must learn to think and feel and see things as Richard does, through eyes on the same plane as his—so only shall we be able to understand each other. That is not all. He is very angry with me now, and nothing else that I can do will convince him of my repentance and of my desire for reconciliation."

"Earn your living! Goodness gracious me!"

"All fits together perfectly, rector. I shall earn his esteem at the same time that I am acquiring the modes of thought and habits of a lower grade in life."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Sellwood, "you are a person who always rushes into extremes." He was astonished beyond measure.

"Extreme measures alone suit the occasion," answered Josephine. "As I utterly renounce my claim on the property, I can do no other than earn my bread, and by so doing I gain my chief end."

"But how will you earn your bread?"

"I will go into service. His first wife was a maid in your house, and he was happy with her."

"You must not do this—it will be degradation."

"I must do it. It will be no degradation, morally, for I have a right end in view."

The rector was greatly shaken. "I would never have advised this; I would never have thought of this."

"I knew that; therefore I did not ask your advice."

Mr. Sellwood remained silent. He

could not grasp her bold proposal all at once. Josephine waited. She had become calm as she spoke of her resolution. She waited for him to say something. Presently, he said in a choking voice: "I retract what I let fall just now. There will be, there can be, no degradation. On the contrary, there will be a rise of your better self. My dear, this is very wonderful to me. Your female instinct is a better guide than my masculine sense. I should never have thought of this. Even now, I cannot say whether it commends itself to my reason; to my heart it does at once, at once!" He was much moved, "Josephine, in such a daring venture, guidance and help are needed." Then he paused again. Presently he went on: "Josephine, perhaps you have read that, in old times, pearls were found in the Severn, and British pearls were much esteemed. Do you know how they were found? Horses and cattle were driven across the fords in the Severn, and they trampled on, bruised, and broke the mussel shells that lay there; then the crushed mussels in their pain exuded the matter that formed the pearls. Now that bridges have been built to span the Severn, no more pearls are found in it; for, though there are mussels still in the shallow water, they remain only mussels; they produce no longer pearls, because no longer bruised and broken. My dear Josephine, I think—I believe, that the pearl of a nobler and a truer life is beginning to grow in you, because the feet are passing over you and treading you down."

"Rector," said Josephine after a long silence, "what are you looking at above me—the everlastings?"

He paused, he did not answer at once, he recovered himself slowly, and said softly: "The Everlasting! Yes."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PENTARGON.

THE morning broke after a stormy night, broke wild and haggard. On the horizon a white shimmer under heavy clouds that would not rise, from which fell lashes of dark rain over the light—a shimmer cold and ghastly as that of the half-closed eye of a dead man. The sea raced inland, in rolling piled-up billows, shaking itself, roaring, spluttering, raging, bent on tearing itself to shreds on the cutlass-like reefs, and beating itself to spray on the cuirass-like cliffs, that defended the north-Cornish coast. The wind had been blowing a hurricane all night, shift-

ing a few points from south to north, but always with a main drive from the west, like the dogged determination of a madman making feints to throw his victim off his guard, but never swerving from his murderous purpose. The sea, heaped together, in jostling billows, was caught and compressed between the horns of Padstow Point and Hartland. In that vast half-moon, walled up to the sky with perpendicular iron-bound precipices, the white horses bounded and tumbled over each other, and rolled and were beaten down in the conflict. They plunged at the barriers and leaped high into the air, snorting foam, shaking their manes, and fell back broken, torn, to be trampled into the deeps by other billows, likewise rushing on their destruction. A vessel that enters within the bow of that vast arc, when the wind is on shore, is infallibly lost, and the Bessie on the morning in question had been driven within the fateful limits.

As already mentioned, Mrs. Cable's mother was a Cornishwoman. Bessie Cable had never visited her mother's native county; but an occasional letter, perhaps once a year, had kept up a link between her and an old mining uncle, Zackie Pendarves, at St. Kerian. The man was now dead, and he had left his small savings and cottage to his only known relative, his niece Bessie, whom he had never seen. The bequest came opportunely; for when Richard told his mother of his intention to leave Hanford, she was able to propose that they should migrate to Cornwall and take up their residence in Uncle Zackie's house. What the size of that house was, how much land went with it, in what condition of repair the house was, that was all unknown. Nevertheless, it was a freehold, their own; and the cottage at Hanford was held on a half-yearly tenancy. Richard at once agreed to his mother's proposal. At St. Kerian they would begin a new life, leaving behind them all disturbing recollections.

So Richard manned the yacht, and, without allowing his purpose to transpire, shipped his family and goods away, sailed down Channel, doubled the Land's End, and was at once caught in a sudden storm. He had never been in these seas before; he knew nothing of the coast save what he could gather from his chart; but he saw that his only chance was to keep out to sea; and all night he struggled to make head against the gale. When the day broke, he saw that his efforts had been

fruitless—the yacht had been driven within the threatening horns, terrible as Scylla and Charybdis. Neither Richard nor one of the crew had closed an eye all night; every man's energies had been at full strain. Cable had not been down into the cabin. Whether his mother slept or watched, he knew not; but she was probably aware of the danger. His dear little ones slumbered, confident of their safety whilst the father was in command on deck. They were not afraid of the water; the tossing of the sea did not trouble them. They were accustomed to it, as tiny water-birds. Often, one or other had been taken to the lightship, and had been inured to the roll and pitch of a vessel, and they minded it no more than the baby minded the sway of the cradle. Why should they fear, any more than the baby that was rocked to sleep by granie's foot? This was their father's great cradle, and the motion soothed their little brains.

All night long, hope had been strong in Cable's breast; he trusted that he had been able to beat against the wind and gain deep sea; but when morning dawned, he saw that their fate was sealed. From the sea, the coast, towards which wind and wave remorselessly impelled the boat, appeared as one sheer wall of rock, nowhere scooped out into harbors, nowhere retreating sufficiently to allow of beach at the feet of the mighty crags. Here and there on the top of cliffs he could distinguish towers, the belfries of storm-beaten churches, cutting the dawning eastern light. And here and there a seamark, a turret, that indicated, perhaps, the entrance to some tortuous channel cleft in the precipices, into which a boat might wriggle in calm weather, but utterly impracticable in a storm.

The base of the cliffs was everywhere hidden in foam, and the spray that was caught and whirled about and churned up with the wind, so that nowhere could be distinguished a line of demarcation between sea and land. Water and air were shaken together into a belt of salt mist, impenetrable to the eye. Thus the head of the coast wall stood up against the dawning light like a mountain ridge whose roots lie buried in curdy morning mists. If he could have distinguished anywhere a sandy cove, he would have run the Bessie towards it; but, apparently, there was nothing before her but to be dashed against upright cliffs and go to pieces in deep water.

As Richard stood considering the pros-

pect, and thinking whether it were advisable to run for a circular tower which seemed to indicate the entrance to a port, the mate and the rest of the crew came to him and insisted on taking to the boat. There was no chance for the vessel, none possible; there was one for a small boat, which could feel the shore for a landing-place. If there were a cleft where the tower stood—then a row-boat might be run in; it was more under control than a ship. They wanted Cable to bring up his mother and children and take them along with them. The only prospect of life lay in deserting the Bessie.

Richard Cable heard them out, with a frown and set teeth. Then he bade them take the boat and be gone. He and his would abide in the yacht and drown together in her. "You drown your way—and I and mine will go down together our way," he answered.

Jonas Flinders was one of the crew, and he urged Richard not to commit such a folly, that where there was a chance, he was bound to grasp it; but Richard was not to be moved. He took the wheel and signed the men away.

He watched the crew unswinging the boat, get in, and leave the Bessie. He watched them rowing, danced about on the waves, lashed by the spray, and then lost them in the drift. What became of them, he could not tell. It was well that they were gone. If he must die with his darlings, let them die all together, without others by.

That boat never reached the land with its load. It came ashore in chips, and the men in scraps of flesh and bone, literally sliced to pieces on the razor-like blades of slate that ran out from the cliffs into the water.

Richard noticed that a flagstaff stood on a rock near the tower, and he suspected that if there were a channel, it lay between these; but the entrance was masked by an insulated rock standing out of the water like a gigantic meal-sack. He took a piece of rope and lashed the tiller fast, so that the bows were turned directly towards the supposed entrance to a port. Then he went to the ladder leading to the cabin and descended slowly. He was in his dreadnought, dripping with sea-water, his pilot hat drawn over his brows, and the lappets covering his ears. When he came into the cabin, it was still dark there; only now and then, through a side-light, came a cold white gleam, and then it was blurred over by gray water. The pendent

lamp, however, was still burning; but the oil was almost exhausted and the wick was much charred, so that the light it gave was not bright. It had burned all night. Mrs. Cable had not slept all night; she knew the peril, and she kept watch. Now, all the children but tiny Bessie were awake, and their grandmother was washing and dressing them. Owing to the pitch of the vessel, the operation was conducted with difficulty. Richard Cable stood at the cabin entrance, holding the posts and looking on. His mother was then combing out and smoothing on either side of her ears Mary's golden hair. Little Susie stood with her hands and face wet, asking to have them wiped. Did Mrs. Cable know that they were all about to die? She thought it very likely, but she washed and dressed the children as carefully as if they were going to a school-feast. If they must go in an hour before the throne of God, they should go with their hair tidy, with white stockings and clean bibs, and Mary with the coral necklace round her throat that had belonged to her mother.

Richard looked steadily at the group, and said: "Mother, when we strike, come on deck with all of them, and give me Bessie into my arms. You shall not drown down here, like mice in a cage." Then with a deep frown he added: "This also comes of her."

"Richard," said Mrs. Cable gravely, as she bound Mary's hair behind her head, "it is not so. Forgive her now."

"It cannot be." In a louder tone—"I will not."

"What! Richard? Not when we are about to appear before the great God?"

He shook his head. "But for her, this would not have come upon us. Our death will lie at her door; all the miseries I have suffered through her are not enough. She must kill me and mine."

"O Richard, do not be unforgiving!"

"I thought to wipe out the curse that comes with her name, when I changed the title of the vessel; but the evil clings to us and drags us down."

"Richard, I once had a bitter wrong done me, worse than any that has touched you; but I forgave."

"Mother, if this brought me alone to destruction, I could freely pardon; but when it carries along with me you and all—all that I love—I cannot; I will not. If I go to the judgment seat above, I will take all the seven with me and denounce her; and if there be justice in heaven she

shall suffer." He gripped the rail as he turned and reascended the ladder, muttering as he went: "I cannot—I will not."

On deck again, he resumed his place at the tiller, and unlashed it. The Bessie was running near the meal-sack rock, at which the waves raced as in frolic, or savagely bent on throwing it over, but instead of effecting this, were themselves whirled as waterspouts high into the air. The rocks in front seemed to tower two or three hundred feet out of the sea. Above them, the sky was brightening and the clouds parting. All at once, Richard saw a fissure in the face of the cliff, a mere rift, impossible for him to strike and pass through. As easily might a man thread a needle on horseback when hunting and the hounds are in full cry. On the left of the ness crowned by the flagstaff, the wall of rock sheered away inland and the cliffs seemed to be scooped out. Cable, with a tremendous effort, wrenched the helm hard down and brought the bowsprit with a swing round, so that the Bessie, instead of running into the cleft, turned, cleared the flagstaff rock, and went on the ridge of a roller into a caldron or cove north of it. He drew his hand over his eyes and wiped the spray out of them, and saw that he had dived into a semicircular bay, walled up to heaven on every side but that by which he had entered, and in which the mad waves were thundering tumultuously. One side of the cove ended seaward in a mighty black headland, that overhung, without a ledge on it where seagull could nest or samphire take root. In the lap of the bay, where the rocks were not quite so high, a waterfall leaped down, and was lost below in the spindrift that filled the air. One moment more and all would be over. He left the wheel and went to the cabin door, and called: "Come on deck."

Then up came the children, Mary leading the way, clinging to the rail with one hand, and with the other helping little Martha to mount the brass-laid steps. Last of all appeared Mrs. Cable, carrying the baby. As each little head appeared, Richard, who knelt on one knee by the cabin hatchway, helped the child up, and put his arms round it and gave it a long embrace and kiss—the last, he thought, in this world. He said nothing; he could not speak. Bitter in his heart, bitter as the seabrine, tossed the anger against Josephine who had brought this about.

Without a word, he took the babe from his mother, and then Mrs. Cable gave a hand to each of the youngest. So they

stood, a little group on deck, looking at the remorseless, cruel shore, at the sweep of iron cliffs that engirdled them, about to hug them to death. Though so near, they could not see their feet, hidden in foam and spray. Around them shrieked and laughed the sea-mews. The wind whistled in the cordage. The water roared and hissed around.

Then Mrs. Cable stooped to the children's ears and said something that Richard could not hear; but at once, above the boom of the sea and the piping of the wind, he heard the little voices raised in song:—

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall vex the soul.

It was a song the children had learned at their Sunday school, a song of which their father was very fond, and which he had often made them warble to him. The poor, feeble, quivering voices were now our of tune and faint, with the wonder and fear that fell on them at the sight of what was before; but they knew that their song would please their father, so they girded up their faltering courage and sang as loud and strong as they could:—

Shall we meet in that blessed harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the far celestial shore?

And—see! above the head of the waterfall, towards which they were driving, through the rift it had sawn in the rocky wall, flashed the rising sun—it turned the head of the stream, as it took its final leap, into liquid gold, and the river seemed to pour from the very heart of the sun, bringing fire and life and hope down into the wild, gloomy abyss below.

Shall we meet with many loved ones
Who were torn from our embrace?

sang the little voices, and stopped—for, from out of the haze that hung between the sea and cliffs, leaped a fiery streak like a flash of lightning, and something flaring, roaring, screaming, rushed over their heads; and a moment after, with a sharp crack like the report of a pistol, a rope fell athwart the deck. Those on shore had seen the wreck and had discharged a rocket over her. Richard knew at once that all was not lost. He flew to the rope and made it fast.

In another moment the vessel struck, not on a reef, but on a shingly beach, and at the same moment a great sea struck

her on stern and went up in spiral whirl, like a shaving before a plane, and washed the deck. Richard seized his little ones and drew them to him. The wave passed, and none was lost. Then he gave the baby to his mother, and took up Mary in his arms; she clung round his neck, lacing her hands behind, fastening herself to him as a ferret holds to his prey. She was a shrewd child, and she knew what her father was about to do. He needed not to tell her. She put her lips to his cold, wet cheek. Then he grasped the rocket rope, and went over the side with her into the boiling foam.

Whilst he was away, Mrs. Cable drew the children half down the cabin ladder, where they might be safe from the seas which struck the vessel and swept the deck. Every sea drove the Bessie deeper into the shingle and farther up the shore; she was steadied, but exposed to the full force of the waves.

Presently, from out of the leaping water, with the froth dripping from him, came Cable again, clinging to the rope, followed by two men from the shore; and the rest of the children and Mrs. Cable were conveyed in safety to land. Most difficulty was found with the babe, as little Bessie could not be relied on to cling. She must be held in one arm, and the rope grasped with the other. Richard would let no one take her but himself, and he succeeded in bringing her through. He was now much exhausted, numbed with cold, and his limbs shook. He would not yield up the child. The danger was yet not over.

The cove into which the yacht had been run was that of Pentargon. It has a small rubbly strand, which can only be reached from the top of the cliffs by an arduous path, which, as it nears the base, passes over shale that lies upon slate-shelves steeply inclined downwards, over which moisture trickles. By this perilous way alone could the little party ascend; by this, with great difficulty, had the coast-guard brought the rocket apparatus, when from the lookout they saw the little vessel driven into the cove.

The sturdy coastguardmen gave their hands to the children, to help them to ascend the steep slope over the treacherous shelf, where a fall might precipitate them over a ledge upon the shingle beach or into the water.

"I will come last with the baby," said Cable. So the procession formed. Each must mount singly, staying up a child.

There was nothing to cling to; every step must be taken with precaution in the loose and sliding shale.

Richard held the smallest child well wrapped under his dreadnaught. She was awake, frightened, cold and fretful, and her sobs and impatience at being covered up harassed Richard, already spent with his watchful night and struggles through the waves with the children. He raised the flap of his coat, put down his head, and spoke soothingly to the infant. His voice usually had great effect in lulling her cries when in pain; but it was not so now. Little Bessie did not know what was going on, was drenched with seawater, and greatly terrified. She could not understand her father, or would not be satisfied.

"It is dada who has you in his arms, Bessie," he said with his mouth under his dreadnaught. "Baby will soon be snug in a warm bed, and have hot milk to drink."

But she strove fretfully in his arms to beat a way by which she might peer out of the wraps, and broke out into shrill screams of pain and anger.

Richard stood still on the shelf, to re-adjust her in his arms; perhaps, as he held her, her little back suffered, so he altered her position under his oilskin coat. Her cries went through his heart and unnerved him, already shaken and exhausted; cold though he was, he felt hot for a moment, with distress and perturbation of spirit.

"Bessie, darling! do be still. Trust your dada a few minutes more, and all will be well!"

But hardly had the words escaped him, when the rubble under his feet slid away on the shelfy strata of slate. He fell heavily on his side. He had just presence of mind to fold both his arms round the baby, when he rolled over, and went down the slope and steps of rock. If he were hurt, he felt no pain; his whole attention was engrossed in the child he bore, his whole effort to ward it from blows with his elbows and hands.

In another moment one of the coast-guardmen came down to him.

"Bessie is unhurt!" exclaimed Richard lying among the stones.

"Any harm done?" asked the man. "Give us a hand. Stand up, mate."

Cable waited a moment, and moved his elbows, and then said: "Take her. I cannot rise."

He had dislocated his thigh.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE DOLOMITES OF THE PEGNITZ.

WHAT a marvellous man Charlemagne was! I think nothing so impresses the mind with the idea of his greatness as his canal to connect the Pegnitz and the Altmühl. We are told that he conducted fifty-three campaigns in the forty-five years of his reign; but what of that? Any fool can fight. Plato says that the perfect man is foursquare, but I think he is the all-round man, and never was there such an all-round man as the great Karl. He was not only a great warrior, he was a political organizer, a legislator; he codified the laws, he was a lover of learning, and so free from pedantry that he insisted on collecting the national songs and epic heroic poems of the Frank race, which his stupid and pious son Louis burnt, because they were not in Latin hexameters, and were the records of barbarians. He drew up sermon-books which he sent round to ignorant country parsons, and bade them read these wholesome discourses instead of talking twaddle or nonsense in their pulpits. But that which strikes me as the greatest token of his genius was his canal. To appreciate this one must know something of the map. Charlemagne wanted to make a waterway between the Black Sea and the German Ocean through the heart of Germany, by uniting the Rhine and the Danube. This was only practicable in one way, which we can see with maps before us; but how did he discover it when the country was clothed in vast forests and was quite unmapped? A huge horseshoe of limestone mountains encloses the Swabian and Franconian basins, and all the streams that rise from this range, *all but one*, slide away northward to the heel of the horseshoe, and empty themselves into the Rhine by the Neckar and the Maine. One only river takes a perverse course, and cuts its way through the horseshoe in a southerly direction and flows into the Danube; this is the Altmühl. This, then, was the only way by which the projected water communication could be made, and Charles the Great began to cut a canal to unite the Altmühl with the Pegnitz that flows into the Maine, and thus decants its waters through the Rhine into the German Ocean. Charlemagne did not live long enough to finish his canal, and that stupid, blundering son of his, Louis the Pious, gave up the undertaking; he saw no more good in it than in the collection of old heroic songs.

Centuries passed, and nothing came of the canal of Charles the Great till this

nineteenth century, when King Louis I. of Bavaria completed the undertaking, just as the railway was abolishing the utility of canals.

But conceive what that canal would have done for Austria and Germany, for Hungary and the Netherlands, had it been completed! Why, the commerce of the East would have flowed through it throughout the Middle Ages, and brought wealth and enlightenment, and almost ensured peace in the great centre of Europe. That canal, if it had been completed, would have done more than anything else to give prosperity to the Empire, and secure it against internal convulsions.

It is really worth while going from Nürnberg to see the traces of Charlemagne's work, and give a few minutes to thinking of the greatness of that wondrous genius.

I was considering this as the train drew up at Hersbrück, and I jumped out to begin my exploration of the valley of the upper Pegnitz.

Hersbrück lies on the Pegnitz above Nürnberg, at the point where that river emerges from the mountains. Just above it rises the Houberg, a long ridge with plateau at the top, about two thousand feet high. It is reached through a ravine called the Cleft of the Huns, up which the path clammers; a platform is reached, edged with abrupt precipices of dolomitic limestone, that commands the valley of the Pegnitz and a main road of communication, from remote ages, between Bohemia and the Franconian basin and the upper Danube. At this point the Pegnitz turns from its southerly course, bends west, and finally reaches the Maine. Remains of stone walls and tiles indicate that it was fortified; and, indeed, we know that a castle stood on this point in 1057 — the Havecksburg; but there are traces of far earlier defences, and on an exploration of the plateau in 1876, it was discovered to be a fortified settlement of the earliest inhabitants. An iron axe, a bronze armlet, and even stone weapons have been found on the Houberg.

The valley of the Pegnitz, though pretty up to Enzendorf, is not rocky; the river glides deep, without a ripple, between green meadows, and the hills on either side are covered with pine woods. A railway bridge at Vorrä is curious because built of a *breccia* of mussel-shells, the shells so closely packed that there seems to be no room for the cement which has fastened them together into hard stone. The hamlet of Alfalter was given a pecul-

iar privilege by the Nürnbergers, to whom it belonged, in 1504. Every householder was allowed to sell beer and bread without hanging out a sign above his door—but this was only to be between May and October. In 1528 they withdrew this license; and when the villagers remonstrated, a license to keep open alehouse was granted to that woman who was last confined; consequently every baby arrival in the place changed the site of the village tavern, and the traveller needing refreshment was obliged to inquire in which house the last baby had been born, for there only might he claim entertainment. Verily our forefathers went out of their way to do funny things.

At Artelskofen a narrow valley from the west leads by a lovely walk to one of the curiosities of the district. The whole of this region consists of an elevated tableland of dolomitic limestone superimposed on Jurassic limestone. Only here and there does the superincumbent rock remain, and one of the most extraordinary of these relics is "the Finger of God." From the top of a rounded hill rising above the plateau stands a needle of dolomite; the height has not been measured, and the top is inaccessible. Pine-trees cover the hill and conceal its base, but from all the district round can be seen, on almost the highest point, the Finger of God pointing heavenwards. It might be taken for a tall lighthouse.

Artelskofen was sadly troubled in the Middle Ages with its dead. It had no cemetery, and was not allowed one till 1820, and the conveyance of its dead over the wild and rocky roads to the distant graveyard of Sittenbach caused the villagers much inconvenience. In 1650 a girl of twelve years old died, and as she was being taken to burial a storm came on, whereon the mourners took refuge with the coffin in a farm halfway. The stove was lighted and the room was warm. The mourners took out their provisions of bread and cheese, and beer was produced by the farmer, when all at once knocks were heard inside the coffin, then it began to move on the table; and when one man, more courageous than the rest, prised it open with an axe, the dead girl sat up and asked for some beer. She lived for many years after, married, and her descendants are still peasants in the place.

From this point the rocks become fine, they rise in crags with gulfs and gullies filled with dark pine cut through them and disconnecting them.

High above the river, on a rock above a

cluster of russet roofs of cottages, stands a chateau-like hotel, Ruprechtstegen, with terrace and pleasant walks cut in the woods about it. I can commend this centre for excursions, because I stayed there some little while, and found it most comfortable; an excellent cuisine, an obliging host, rooms large, clean, and airy, and the terms most moderate. Four shillings and sixpence per diem, all included. For those who wish to combine music with scenery no better place can be found. Bayreuth is easily accessible, so that the performances there can be attended and Ruprechtstegen returned to the same night. As accommodation at Bayreuth is not always to be had, and when had is dear, I found it best to remain at Ruprechtstegen and go to Bayreuth for the Wagner performances every day, and return at night. Ruprechtstegen derives its name from a hermit, Rupert, who lived in the ravine of the Ankathal, or anchorite's valley, that opens here into the valley of the Pegnitz from the west.

Formerly the hermit's glen was closed in by rocks as to be almost inaccessible; one great shoulder of limestone that nearly closed it was perforated with a huge natural arch, but when the railway was constructed a few years ago up the valley of the Pegnitz the contractors quarried away this mass of rock and destroyed the arch. Before the glen was thus opened it was a hard scramble up it, and St. Rupert found it easier to climb the rock where now stands the hotel, and reach his cave near the head of the ravine by a walk above the precipices that shut in the gorge. That cave of his is curious in several ways. The best idea that can be formed of it is to imagine a vast molar tooth standing half out of the gums about seventy feet high, with the cavities between the fangs showing on three sides. In front is the entrance to the cave, thirty-six feet wide and twelve feet high. The openings right and left were much smaller, and were walled up.

Inside the cave the effect is peculiar, and the origin of the cave perplexing. One seems to be standing in a gigantic fireplace. In front of one is the fire-back, quite smooth, but with the arch marked on it. Overhead the rock or tooth is seen to be hollow, and to run up some height, like a chimney. It is not, however, open at the top. The rock is a relic of the old superincumbent dolomitic formation, of which all the surrounding portion has been carried away except a chimney of an ancient cavern once buried deep beneath

the surface of the soil, and that was preserved because the stalactite incrusting the chimney had rendered it harder than the surrounding rock.

The forest is here very dense, but in a walk down the valley weird rocks can be seen starting up between the trees: at one point the Seven Giants — seven huge grey masses of stone, like Egyptian Memnons; then in an open glade the Giant's Castle, with its keep, its windows, doors, and battlements, so like real masonry as to invite an inspection before the visitor gives credence to the assertion that it is a natural formation. I confess to being somewhat weary of stalactite caverns, having visited a good many in various parts of Europe, but I never saw any so curious as the Windloch, near Neuhaus, at a place called Krottensee, or Frogs' lake. For centuries it was known that there was a circular hole in the ground in the forest, out of which an icy wind blew, but no one dreamed of exploring it. It was regarded with superstitious fear till in 1833 a poor mad woman, rambling through the woods, fell in. Her cries were heard by a woodcutter five days after her disappearance, and he reported what he had heard. A detachment of adventurous men with ropes visited the well-like opening, and one was let down into it by torches. At the bottom, about one hundred feet below the surface, the poor creature was found, fortunately unhurt, on a heap of branches and leaves that had fallen in and accumulated to a considerable height, so that her fall had been broken. She was extricated and lived for fifteen years after.

No further attempt to explore the cave was made till 1853, when a fresh entrance was made through a rift where light glimmered, but even then only one level of the cavern was examined. Only in 1878 was a lower level explored and made accessible.

One horrible discovery was made when the cave was searched — several human skulls and skeletons, together with weapons and other relics, which leave no doubt as to who the unfortunates were who found there a living grave. In 1703 a skirmish took place in the neighborhood between the Bavarians and the Imperial troops, in which the former were defeated. Again, in the August of 1796, General Jourdan retreated before the Imperial troops through the Pegnitz valley, on which occasion the whole neighborhood was in arms against the defeated French, who fled with precipitation and without

order. Apparently some soldiers on both occasions lost their way in the forest whilst in flight, and fell into the Windloch, whence they never emerged. Indeed, their skulls and bones lie there still where they died. They have not been given Christian burial.

The curious feature of this cavern is that we see in it that the whole mountain in which it runs is like a fossil sponge. The caves and passages are simply endless, as numerous and as ramified as the passages in a coarse bath sponge. Two or three have been made accessible, that is all; a hundred, a thousand more might also be penetrated with a little trouble. They go up, they go down, to the right, to the left; a handrail protects the visitor from a horrible gulf of solid darkness, which even the magnesium light will not irradiate. Here one might ramble on, and tumble, and pick oneself up if not shattered by the fall, and creep along as long as life lasted, without coming out into the day. It gives one an uncomfortable half-hour to handle the skulls of the poor men who perished in that abyss, and consider what they endured before death put a period to their horrors.

As for the waterfalls and organs, the Crystal Palace, the Eagle, the Madonna, the Albert Dürer, of stalactite and stalagmite, wherewith one is pestered by the guide, I say nothing concerning them; they interested me not. My attention was directed to the mysteries of the place, the openings on all sides into untrod galleries, the honeycomb of the whole rock of which the mountain is built up.

High above the whole table-land stands a crag of dolomite, crowned with the castle of Hohenstein, still in fair preservation. It is the most commanding situation in the whole district, and the view from it is very extensive, bounded on the east by the Bohemian forest, on the north-east by the Fichtel Mountains, and on the west by the low forest range of the Steigerwald. It belonged to the Counts of Babenberg. According to tradition the emperor Louis the Bavarian was born here, and the unfortunate Conradin spent many years in this eagle's nest, and here dictated his will before he departed to Naples to his tragic death in 1268. This is possible enough, as the castle came to the Hohenstaufen in 1235. In 1553 the margrave Albert Alcibiades attacked and took the castle, and partly ruined it. King Louis I. of Bavaria spent a trifle in putting it in a condition to prevent further ruin, and it is now inhabited by a guard who looks

over the country to give signal in the event of fire. The castle can never have been large; it contained two courts, one at a considerable elevation above the other. The walls grow out of the limestone rocks which in places overhang, and the castle would be impregnable were it possible for its defenders to subsist without food.

It has been a wonder to me how these castles perched on rocks were supplied with water, but when any that are in habitable condition are examined the difficulty disappears. Unlike English castles, the towers of the German castles were furnished with very steep tiled roofs, and every drop of rain that fell on these roofs was carried away by an ingenious arrangement of fall-pipes into the castle well, which was often sunk to an enormous depth. These wells were not supplied by springs, but filled with rain-water.

Below the rock of Hohenstein is a small village, and in the humble inn I found a travellers' book. The only English inscription was as follows—it is needless to say, not written by an Englishman:—

John Eckstein of Wöked visited this Mountain

Hohenstein with a beautiful Weather and a dress-coat with a Umbrella and his friends Pfier and Raum, all Candidates of the Ostiologie.

Near Hohenstein is a mill, in which in 1817, at the instigation of their mother and with the assistance of a servant, the two sons of the miller murdered their father. The mill stands at the bottom of a narrow glen, enclosed by pinewood-covered hills, and is called the Black Mill.

On August 9, 1817, the miller disappeared, and it was supposed that as he returned drunk from Sittenbach, he had fallen into the stream and been drowned. About a year after his disappearance suspicion arose that the man had been murdered. The local magistrate investigated the matter, but found no evidence to show that the rumor was based on truth. In 1821 this magistrate was suspended on suspicion of malversation, and a new one appointed; whereupon fire broke out among the archives of Hersbrück and destroyed them; suspicion naturally attached to the degraded magistrate.

A fresh examination was begun into the matter of the miller's disappearance in 1821, when a confession was obtained from the wife of Wagner the serving-man, who had assisted in the murder. She said "that in August, 1817, the miller's sons tried to persuade her husband to assist

them in getting rid of their father; that at last her husband went one night into the miller's bedroom and helped the sons to destroy him; whereupon the corpse was buried in the cleft of a rock near a field belonging to the mill."

The old miller, Kleinschrot, who was a cruel husband and father, and a man of most abandoned habits, had lived in constant enmity with his family. At last they could no longer endure him, and the wife and her two sons and two daughters agreed to get rid of him. On December 7 the court arrested the entire family, and next day Wagner showed the magistrate where the body had been buried. After removing several loose stones and layers of leaves and moss, the remains of the unfortunate man were found. According to usage the accused were confronted with the remains. The elder son, Conrad, at once exclaimed, "This is my father's body, but I did not murder him." The second, Frederick, would say nothing. The youngest daughter, Kunegunda, cried out, "I know nothing about this, but I know about my father's death." Margaret exclaimed, "I am innocent of the deed; I knew nothing about it till I heard my father's dreadful scream, and then it was too late." The wife, Barbara Kleinschrot, was a dull-witted woman, universally acknowledged to be kind-hearted, patient, well-meaning, and of spotless life and reputation. The same was the unanimous testimony of all who knew the family to the character of the children; they were pious, honest, gentle, orderly, and industrious; the only black sheep in this flock of lambs was the man they had murdered! One very curious fact came out at the investigation. Old Kleinschrot himself had been a bad son to his own father, and had lifted up his impious hand against him. His son Conrad said, and his statement was confirmed: "My father was a savage man, who never treated us as his children, nor even called us his children, but always rogues and thieves. He could not endure our mother; called her by the vilest names, and frequently beat her so that she lay in bed for days; she bears the marks of his cruel treatment on her body to this day. Sometimes he kicked and beat her till she was so covered with blood that no one could have recognized her. Meanwhile he had three illegitimate children by women upon whom he spent the money which my mother had brought him at their marriage, for all the property was hers." The sons further described his cruelties exercised

on themselves. The miller was cut down with an axe by Wagner, and then stabbed at a signal given by Conrad ringing the mill bell.

Conrad and Wagner were sentenced to imprisonment for life, Frederick to imprisonment for fifteen years, the mother for eight years; the daughters were acquitted for want of evidence.

The castle of Hartenstein, which lies on the other side of the Pegnitz, also on a mass of rock rising out of the plateau, but not so high as Hohenstein, is now in ruins; it has a peculiar interest for those who love Wagner's operas, because Wolfram of Eschenbach, the hero of "Tannhäuser," after Tannhäuser himself, was in the service of the Baron of Hartenstein, and spent several years in this castle, where he honored the lady of the house, Elizabeth, with his songs and reverent devotion. Wagner has transferred this Elizabeth to the Wartburg, and identified her with Saint Elizabeth.

Wolfram is the author of the "Parsival" out of which Wagner formed his last and noblest opera. Wolfram mentions Elizabeth of Hartenstein in his "Parsival." The date of his death was 1230; a few years before his death the castle passed away from the Hartensteins by marriage to the family of Reicheneck, but the new lord took to pillaging the merchants travelling along the road between Nürnberg and Prague, and at the complaint of the citizens, Louis the Bavarian besieged the castle and expelled the robber baron. From Ruprechtstegen the road up the valley abounds in lovely scenery, the rocks are wildly fantastic and picturesque. At one place stand two pillars of dolomite, shaped by the weather into female figures, and going by the name of the Gossips. One woman wears a bonnet, another a kerchief over her head; their faces are together, and they seem engaged in close and eager conversation. Still more extraordinary is the Dragon's Head. This is a gigantic head, more like that of a man or a lion than a dragon, with the mouth gaping above the river; small rifts make the nostrils; there is a projecting nose, and two hollow eyes—caverns, out of which at one time subterranean streams spouted; above the brows grow turf, scrub, and small firs, like a bristling head of hair; and then, over all, precipitous cliffs shoot up into the sky like castle towers. On the level of the gigantic mouth the river is very deep, and here the road is on the level of the walls. One night a peasant was driving along the

road in his wagon with a pair of horses, when, instead of turning with the sweep of the road, in the dark he drove right on to the dragon's mouth. In went peasant and wagon and horses, and though his body was recovered, the wagon and horsebones lie in the depths under the rock still.

A violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain had swept down the valley just before I walked through it on one occasion, after which the sun blazed forth, and the effect of the limestone precipices steaming in the sun's rays was very remarkable. The railroad dives in and out of tunnels, traversing five in a comparatively short distance before reaching Neuhaus, and no idea of the beauty of the valley can be obtained by a traveller who contents himself with a railway journey from Nürnberg to Bayreuth.

The river swarms with fish, as two English enthusiasts know, who go there every year and say nothing about it to other disciples of old Izaak Walton.

The water always maintains one temperature; it never freezes; even on the shallow pools at the side ice does not form, as the river is fed from subterranean reservoirs. At Ruprechtstegen the stream in the Anka ravine disappears, but re-emerges under the rock on which the inn is built in sufficient force to drive a turbine, which forces water up into the hotel. The river is deep bottle-green, and clear as glass down to Hersbrück, where it unites with other streams not issuing from limestone, and becomes yellow and turbid.

The botanist will find much to interest him in the woods on the plateau and in the marshes. Four kinds of pinks grow on the dolomitic rocks, and many an orchis—among them the curious green man.

Also, if the visitor be desirous of seeing the very fattest women produced by the Continent, let him run across the Bohemian frontier to Marienbad, and when the band plays he will see them rolling, literally rolling along the paths in the forest to the orchestra, in all degrees of obesity, past the wildest imagination to picture. Marienbad has the credit of reducing fat. I sat at *table d'hôte* one day there, wedged in among fat women, and saw and *heard* them eat. Then I ceased to wonder that they were fat, and my opinion of the powers of the Marienbad waters to reduce such vigorous and omnivorous eaters into moderate proportions rose to a high pitch.

This is what the fat lady opposite me ate: soup, boiled beef, veal cutlets, roast

pork, raw herring and onions, baked veal, then ordered "gefüllte Taube," stuffed dove; and when she had eaten that was a *gefüllte Taube* herself.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

YOU tell me, my dear George, that you have decided on the Profession of Letters (I adopt your capital ones, but would hint in passing that they have rather gone out of fashion with the late Lord Lytton), and you ask for my approval and sanction. There can be no question of sanction. You are your own master; and indeed my concern in your affairs has always, as you may have guessed, been dictated by friendship, never by law. Your father made you my nephew, and Providence made you an orphan while the law still called you an infant. My brother did indeed offer me the high responsibility of your guardianship; but many considerations, which I need not trouble you with, induced me to decline a compliment as surprising, I may say, as it was gratifying. During a life which can now be called long, and could at no time have been called entirely serene, I have invariably found my own responsibilities as much as I could conveniently manage; and your father had the most substantial reasons for knowing that my suggestion of his lawyer as a more fit person for the post was dictated neither by indolence nor caprice. Mr. Rowe, I am happy to think, has discharged his trust with the vigilance to be expected from a man who was conscious that his virtue would not be his sole reward. You say that you regard me as a second father. I am glad for your sake that you had a first; but, believe me, I appreciate the compliment. We two have been good friends from the first; and whenever my circumstances permitted me I have always been glad to increase the harmless stock of your youthful pleasures. Indeed, one of the few serious disagreements your poor father and I ever had was on the occasion of my presenting you with your first pony. There was some misunderstanding about the payment, which he had eventually to settle, together with some additions sanctioned in such cases (it has always seemed to me unreasonably) by the law. I remember to have been a good deal hurt at the time by his insistence on the fact (rendered no more

agreeable, as facts so seldom are, by its indisputable truth) that on the whole he found his presents to you came cheaper than mine. Well, rest his soul; he was a good brother to me, as he was a good father to you, and be it far from me to breathe a word against his memory.

But to have done with stealing this dim fire from the fountains of the past—the metaphor is the laureate's, not mine, and is not, perhaps, among his happiest; even Prometheus would have been hard put to it to draw fire from a fountain. It was my purpose to show you that there never has been, and cannot be, any question of sanction between you and me. In the first place, I was never your master; in the second, you are now your own.

But you ask also for my approval. That is another matter; let us consider it a little.

I may call myself, as Dr. Johnson was pleased to call himself, an old struggler. From my earliest manhood I have wrestled with fortune, and I cannot honestly say that I have ever really got the better of the jade. Horace, you may remember, vowed that he could wrap himself in his virtue and hug honest poverty to his heart. That is very pretty in poetry; but in plain prose you will find virtue but a flimsy covering for an only one. As for poverty, let me frankly own that I could never hug it; but it has ever had a cursed awkward knack of hugging me. I began life on my own account with a capital of what used to be called a liberal education and some two thousand pounds of debt, no income, and no profession. We need not now trouble ourselves with the causes of this untoward start; indeed I apologize for mentioning it, but it was in a manner necessary. Of course, I drifted into literature. The noble profession of letters is the only one that needs no capital, no testimonials, no examinations, no apprenticeship. Any one can adopt it at any moment—take notice that I commit myself to nothing more. Well, I drifted into literature, and therein I have remained ever since. It is now more than—but these details are paltry. Many years have passed since I first took rooms in Grub Street, and I am too old to leave it now. My lodgings are more comfortable than they once were; 'twas a garret to begin with, and a garret it remained for too long a time to please me. Probably you have never read Béranger, but you will remember with how neat a hand our own Thackeray has turned the old Frenchman's praises of a garret.

Making a mock of life and all its cares,

Rich in the glory of my rising sun,

Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs

In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Pretty lines, are they not? Indeed, the whole piece is, in my poor judgment, about the best translation ever done out of any language into ours. But the reality, my boy, is not so pretty. Those stairs are deuced hard to climb when the vaulting days are done; and the view, when you get there, looks very bleak and dismal in the afternoon sun. Literature in a garret couples well with love in a cottage; both are pretty things to write about, but I have never met the man who has tried either and would willingly repeat the experiment.

But these are gloomy thoughts; we will not dwell on them. I do not wish to quench your youthful fires, nor to equip you for your campaign with the conviction that you are destined to disaster. But it would be still more from the purpose to flatter you with the idea that the world of letters lies before you, a fat oyster, waiting only to be opened by your pen. And as I have myself been through the mill as completely as most men, it is possible that my experiences may be of some service to you. At its best it can be but a negative service; they may teach you what not to expect. Wisdom they will not bring you—perhaps they have not brought it to me; but they may help to scatter an illusion or two, to prevent a disappointment. Some men are like paths,—they lead you to your journey's end; others (the large majority) are like finger-posts,—they only point the way you should not go to get there. Regard me, my dear boy, as a battered old finger-post.

You may remind me that you will not have to begin life in a garret. A cynic might retort by asking, what security have you that you will not end there? But your uncle is no cynic, though he has been called one; and I freely and cordially own that your star rises in a fairer sky than did mine. May it continue so to the setting! It is true; you can afford to lodge yourself like a gentleman with your household gods around you (you have a pretty taste, I noticed when I visited you at Oxford, for that agreeable but not inexpensive company) and to nourish your young fancies on some more cheerful fare than oatmeal. And now let us consider what are those fancies.

It is true that you will not have to begin life by writing for sheer bread—perhaps the greatest pain man has known since

the primeval curse was spoken; yet you cannot afford to be idle or to indulge in whims, especially in that most expensive of all whims, writing to please yourself. You have enough to enable you, for the present at any rate, to live that you may write; but you must also write that you may live. I may wrong you, but I can hardly conceive you to be gifted either by nature or art with a frugal mind. It does not become me, as an unworthy son of those kindly mothers, to whisper a word against Eton or Oxford as places of education for the young; and indeed I honestly believe that they both, in their way, offer to young men who will learn the best possible opportunities of learning. But they must have changed abnormally even for these times of change if they have impressed upon you that wisdom of thrift which your uncle cannot suppose likely to be native. However, I need not go on in this strain, for you yourself own that you are anxious to supplement your income by your pen. In short, to put the matter coarsely, you must write for money. Dr. Johnson (who had also a knack of putting things coarsely) said that the man was a fool who wrote for anything else; and certainly a literary life entails so many stings and bruises that a little golden ointment is very comforting, even when not vital.

The profession of letters—a fine phrase! But what do you mean by letters?

You are a sensible lad for your years, and I will therefore assume that you do not propose to burst upon the startled world with a "Childe Harold" or a "Vanity Fair." You will remember that your friend, Arthur Pendennis, did not begin his career with "Walter Lorraine." By the way, he began it with verses! The parallel is not happy. You have, to be sure, a pretty knack at stringing rhymes, and your unsuccessful prize poem on the birth (or was it the death?) of Buddha was really no worse than some successful ones I have read. But this knack is, you will find, no uncommon thing nowadays. Young England is quite a nest of—well, at any rate of rhyming birds. Very possibly you will find some good-natured folk to praise your rhymes; but, if you are wise, you will not depend on them for pudding. By all means amuse yourself that way in your leisure moments; never let any gift grow rusty; but you will do best to regard prose as the more serious business of life. Being, then, I repeat, a sensible lad in the main, you will not hope to take the world by storm; you will try

your wings on some humbler flight, and let the masterpieces come hereafter as may be. And come no doubt they will; but they must be made, not born. The reverse is the more popular belief; but it will be safest for you to take my reading.

I have asked you what you mean by letters — by literature. Perhaps you will answer, in the words of your favorite critic, the study of the best that has been thought and said in the world, and the endeavor to add to it. A most admirable answer! Never lose touch of that high resolve, and in time it shall bear fruit, — only not yet. Liberty of choice, liberty of treatment, leisure to perfect, a time to work and a time to rest from work —

The blackbird in the summer trees,

The lark upon the hill,

Let loose their carols when they please,

Are quiet when they will.

There is the ideal life for the man of letters! A life to be led in some old college room, where the sunlight slanting through the oriel alone brings memories of the common world, and the distant chimes from the grey chapel tower, mingling with the whisper of the limes to the drowsy summer air, are the only sounds to break the cloistered stillness. And you think, maybe, of the young Milton roaming the Buckinghamshire fields, already rapt above the world and nourishing those mighty thoughts which were to lighten the darkness of his latter years; of Gray's lifelong devotion to the muses in his quiet Cambridge home; of Gibbon, when the last word was written in that garden-house among the acacias on the shores of the Swiss lake; of Shelley, drifting in his boat under the Bisham woods; of Wordsworth, reading the mystery of nature in

The silence that is in the starry sky,

The sleep that is among the lonely hills;

of Macaulay, building his fame up patiently in his student's cell in the Albany with the sleepless roar of London lulled to a pleasant murmur in his ear. Ah, golden dreams! — but there are steps on the staircase, and the rent is due next week, and the careless carol of the blackbird gives place to the plaintive cry of the starling which cannot get out. No, believe me, he who pipes for pay can afford to choose neither his tune nor his time of piping. But, you will say, those great men I have named were paid for their writings, and countless others. True; but between the man who makes money by literature, and the man who turns to

literature that he may make money, there is a world of difference it is desperate work to travel.

Let us face the matter boldly. Do you not by literature — forgive me if I hurt you — do you not perhaps mean journalism? There is a good deal of airy talking nowadays about the difference between literature and journalism; and there is no easier nor more effective way of depreciating a friend's work than to praise it for very good journalism, but hardly literature. But in truth the line is not easy to draw; one is conscious of a difference, but the two really melt almost indistinguishably into each other; and to lay your finger on the precise point where the one ends and the other begins would have puzzled that great maker of definitions, Samuel Johnson himself — who, I suspect, would indeed have troubled his wise head very little about the matter. But if by journalism you mean only the daily effusions of the newspapers, admirable as for their purpose they so often are, they cannot rightly be included under the head of literature, though possibly a little more of the latter element might do them no great harm. The very essence of their production inevitably forbids the qualities of literature, — balance, measure, arrangement, lucidity of thought, and clearness of style. Let me quote you a passage from a great writer, more often, as it sometimes strikes me, praised than read. "Such parti-colored ingenuities" — he is deprecating the "random theories and imposing sophistries and dashing paradoxes, which carry away half-formed and superficial intellects" —

Such parti-colored ingenuities are indeed one of the chief evils of the day, and men of real talent are not slow to minister to them. An intellectual man, as the world now conceives of him, is one who is full of "views" on all subjects of philosophy, on all matters of the day. It is almost thought a disgrace not to have a view at a moment's notice on any question from the Personal Advent to the Cholera or Mesmerism. This is owing in a great measure to the necessities of periodical literature, now so much in request. Every quarter of a year, every month, every day, there must be a supply, for the gratification of the public, of new and luminous theories on the subjects of religion, foreign politics, home politics, civil economy, finance, trade, agriculture, emigration, and the colonies. Slavery, the gold-fields, German philosophy, the French Empire, Wellington, Peel, Ireland, must all be practised on day after day by what are called original thinkers. As the great man's guest must produce his good stories or songs at the evening banquet, as the

platform orator exhibits his telling facts at midday, so the journalist lies under the stern obligation of extemporizing his lucid views, leading ideas, and nutshell truths for the breakfast-table. The very nature of periodical literature, broken into small wholes and demanded punctually to an hour, involves the habit of their extempore philosophy. . . . I am speaking of such writers with a feeling of real sympathy for men who are under the rod of a cruel slavery. I have never indeed been in such circumstances myself, nor in the temptations which they involve; but most men who have had to do with composition must know the distress which at times it occasions them to have to write—a distress sometimes so keen and so specific that it resembles nothing else than bodily pain. That pain is the token of the wear and tear of mind—and if works done comparatively at leisure involve such mental fatigue and exhaustion, what must be the toil of those whose intellects are to be flaunted daily before the public in full dress, and that dress ever new and varied, and spun like the silkworm's, out of themselves!

These words were written by Cardinal Newman in 1852, as preface to his volume of discourses, which he has called "The Idea of a University,"—which volume, by the way, let me most earnestly commend to your notice. If they were true then, five and thirty years ago, think how terrible must be their truth now, when the demand for this periodical form of literature has increased a thousand-fold, and the supply naturally in proportion! There are probably hundreds of men whom necessity has compelled to shatter their brains upon the cruel stones of Fleet Street, who might in happier conditions have done honor to literature and to themselves. Such journalism, it has been said, is the curse of literature. It would ill become me to take up my parable against the newspapers; they served me well at a time when such service was of inestimable value to me. But when I think of the talents I have seen wasted and the lives wrecked on such hopeless and unending drudgery, I cannot but own there is some truth in the saying.

You are not likely, however, to be much concerned with this form of journalism. Slavery and the gold-fields and German philosophy have gone a little out of date; though the personal advent and mesmerism and Ireland are still popular topics. Politics and religion (which might more truly be called irreligion) are said to be the only subjects the general mind now cares to concern itself with. If you are wise you will keep your hands from both. At their best they are unsatisfactory mat-

ters to meddle with; meddled with in this random fashion they become something very much worse.

The cardinal, you will see, lumps all periodical writing together—quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily; though his sympathies, and his antipathies, are more strongly stirred by the last. If you will take the advice of one who has worn the yoke, and escaped from it with feelings of unmixed joy, you will not take service on the daily press. At its best it is slavery; more or less honorable it may be, more or less remunerative; but slavery it is and must be. As for the editors, they, of course, are all honorable men; and some of them can, no doubt, make, and do make, matters more agreeable to their bondsmen than others. But the editor of a daily paper cannot by the very reason of his existence afford to dispense the milk of his human kindness in too liberal measure. He must be a dictator, and all his men must obey him. An independent writer—one who will not recognize that there are moments when the leopard not only can but must change his spots, and can find no other total for two and two but four—is as fatal to the staff of a daily newspaper as an independent member of Parliament is fatal to his party. There are, no doubt, contributors whom a sagacious editor will not unduly meddle with; there are subjects and seasons whereon and wherein he may find it convenient to allow a larger if not complete license. But it can never be safe to count upon these "heaven-sent moments" for the exercise of journalistic skill. A veteran will not expect them; an apprentice will almost certainly be disappointed if he does. Let him who is not prepared to place body and soul at the call of his editor keep clear of the daily newspapers, while there is a boot unblackened and a crossing unswept in London.

Let me guard myself against any misconception. I do not wish to declaim. A daily paper must be conducted on these principles, or it must cease to exist. An editor must be a despot—nay, a tyrant. I had never myself the privilege of serving under John Delane, but I know many who had. He was the most tyrannical man who ever sat in an editor's chair; but he was a great tyrant, a wise tyrant. "He was created," said one who knew him well, "he was created by Heaven to edit the *Times*."

Of the daily papers, then, let this much suffice. But for those other opportunities for periodical writing which the cardinal

condemns, there is more, I think, to be said than he allows. Here again we will eliminate all questions of politics. It does not seem to me possible that politics and literature can, in any circumstances, come together while the former are conducted as they now are, and as they now, perhaps, must be. The divorce between politics and reason is now complete; even expediency, in the honest sense of the word, has little to do with them. They are purely a matter of partisanship even among those politicians whom it is most possible to respect; what they have sunk to among the rank and file, and even in some cases among men who once were leaders, the exigencies of the law of libel forbid me to explain to you. The proceedings of our House of Commons, if ever literally reported, would furnish you, however, with a vocabulary ample for the purpose. On a public such as that to which political writing (and perhaps we might add, political speaking) is now addressed, literature would be wasted; they would not understand it, nor would they appreciate it if they did. Our present electoral system is probably the best that the unaided intelligence of mankind will ever devise for fostering all that is most deplorable in human nature, and most degrading to the human intellect.

But, setting politics, and, for reasons already suggested, religion aside, there are many other subjects capable of treatment to which it seems to me somewhat arbitrary to refuse the name of literature because it is published in a quarterly or monthly magazine. I grant you that often, too often, what you will read in such journals does not deserve that name; but that is not due to the inevitable laws of its manufacture. Not to mention the great essayists of the last century, consider how many famous names in literature have within this century of ours worked in this way. Scott and Southey, Hazlitt and Lamb, Coleridge and De Quincey, Carlyle and Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens — if we take living names, which it is, I think, always best not to do where it can be avoided, the list of course could be immensely increased; shall we refuse the name of literature to the work these men did for the reviews? I do not say that you will begin your career with an essay on Milton for the *Edinburgh Review*; or an essay on roast pig for — what magazine shall we say? *Macmillan's*? — no doubt they would not be sorry to have it; or an essay on Johnson — there is Dr. Birkbeck Hill's admirable new edition of the im-

mortal Bozzy for you to lay your hand on. But I do say that I think you may try the wings of your young ambition in these spheres without necessarily discrediting your high views of a literary life. Pray do not overlook the word *necessarily*.

On the other side there is this to be said: these regions are very full. Old and young the air is full of the rustle of their quills. We will not discuss the angry and so fruitless question whether the men of the former days were better than these.

Let others hail the rising sun;
I bow to that whose course is run.

An old fellow, whose own course is nearing the end, may say so much without offence; but, if he would close his days in peace, he will say no more. That such a plethora of geniuses at present swarms on our English earth as a rapturous young gentleman has lately maintained, I should for my part hesitate to assert; but possibly my hesitation is only due to my unfortunate ignorance of some nine-tenths of the heroes there immortalized. Let us not laugh at this young gentleman, but remember,

There is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.

However this may be, there can at least be no question that there is an immense amount of writing nowadays, on all subjects and among all conditions of men, including women, and the average quality of this writing is surprisingly good. This is probably the case in other industries than the penman's; but of these it is not for me to speak. The most rigid upholder of the old order will hardly refuse my point so far as literature is concerned. Now, is it surprising that this should be so? I may (as an old man) be permitted to doubt whether the great spread of education our age has seen has not somewhat lowered the standard of what in my time was meant by what you now call culture. But I cannot doubt that there are a far greater number of people existing now who know something about many things, and can turn that knowledge to account, than were in the world when I was young. There are many more people in search of a livelihood, women-folk especially; and, as I have already pointed out to you, the pen is an instrument that can be employed for that purpose by many who would be physically or financially incapacitated from pursuing other vocations. The Church,

the army, the government services, law, commerce: these require a regular training, and, generally speaking, some share of that fatal obstacle to so many great designs known as capital. But the profession of literature, as now practised, needs nothing. Pen, ink, and paper (a dictionary and a book of quotations are useful, but not essential), and there you are—equipped for service in the noble army of letters. I do not say this is my view; but it would appear to be the popular one. Of course, too, the pen's sphere of exercise has immensely widened. The number of journals of all kinds and the number of publishers (also of all kinds) have greatly increased within the last generation; the reading public (a curious quantity that entirely baffles me) has greatly increased; the number of people who share Miss Rosa Dartle's burning thirst for information has greatly increased. What wonder that the number of writers has so mightily grown, and is growing every day?

How far you are prepared to take your place in this busy bustling throng, I cannot yet tell. But I wish you to understand that you will find hundreds of men, ay, and of women too, at the system of whose education, if you knew it, you would doubtless turn up your classical nose, finding a market for their wares for which you may search in vain. In this hot race for existence, where all manner of devils are in wait for the hindmost, the first comer will be first served. Think how many have started before you! I wish you also to understand that the excellence of your work will not inevitably find you either an editor or a public. You have, so far as your letters enable me to judge, among your other studies not neglected the art of English composition. But, as an old friend of mine used to say (a signal instance, by the way, he was of a man whom fate or free-will has compelled to give up to journalism what was meant for literature), "It is no use printing in capitals if you have no ink." What avails it to build up a pretty house of words if you have no thought to put inside it? Moreover, these pretty houses are as common as "Queen Anne" villas and "Chippendale" furniture. A style (mark the use of the indefinite article) is so common now, that, for all the outcries it raised, it is impossible to deny the truth of that much-abused American saying, that no one now cared what you said, but how you said it. A style (indefinite article as before) is the easiest thing in the world to

get, and there are as many ways of getting it as of "getting" religion. It is as easy to deface the English language as to deface an old church. Human intelligence is bounded; but to human folly there is no limit. Do not, then, imagine that you will succeed by the particular elegance of your writing alone. There will be rivals all round you to out-Herod you at this game; or your choicest epithets and most nicely balanced periods may be tossed into the waste-paper basket to make room for

some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
Monstr'—inform'—ingens—horrend—ous
Demoniac—seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.

Literature, you must always remember, is in the eyes of nearly all editors, and must be, before all things a commercial speculation. They are not the patrons but the clients of the public taste; and the dictates of that taste, though they may sigh as critics, they must as editors obey.

You may think all this rather tends to contradict my earlier words that the average quality of current writing is surprisingly good. Not so; but it is my chief desire to guard you from all misconceptions and disillusion, and I am therefore of design playing the part of the Devil's advocate. There is a great deal of foolish writing (and of writing, I am sorry to say, worse than foolish) which finds its market, and must be counted in the balance against you. But there is also a great deal of sound, honest, intelligent journeyman work done, and with this also you will have to account. Two causes contribute to this. In the first place many men are now to be found in this division of the great literary army who a generation or two ago would have employed their talents in other ways. The spread of popular education has enlisted, for example, many men who have made themselves masters of some special branch of study; in former times they would probably have left some lasting monument of their labors as a legacy to posterity; but the claims of the present are too exacting,—they break their solid building into pieces and give them, to borrow a phrase from Goethe, to their pocket-books. Then comes a second race. These myriad handbooks, epitomes, primers,—all the little books in short, over which your friend Will Water-proof shed his vinous tears, have enabled numbers to assume at least the virtue of knowledge. The erudition our forefathers amassed through the long process of labo-

rious days can now, for all practical purposes and in all sufficient quantities, be acquired in even less than the thirty lessons in which an ingenious Frenchman (whose name I regret to have forgotten) once proposed to teach poetry. The labor of a lifetime has become the plaything of an hour. Young ladies will explain the principles of Greek art or the intricacies of Scriptural chronology; young gentlemen will popularize the profoundest discoveries of science or the divinest peradventures of philosophy; and all this shall be done with a fluency and precision that sets my poor old-fashioned brain whirling. Do not think I am sneering at these "young light-hearted masters" of modern wisdom. Far from it; my admiration vies with my astonishment as I read. Among such competitors, then, you propose to take your place. And bear this also in mind; the popular dislike for anonymous writing (a wise dislike in reason, but too often only idle curiosity on one side and an ignoble vanity on the other) makes an unknown writer's condition much harder than it was. Formerly he took his place (if he were lucky enough to find it) among his elders and his betters to be judged on the merits of his work. But now the hasty public, which devours its literature standing on one leg, will not read an article to see if it be good; they turn to the list of names to see if there be anything worth wasting their scanty leisure on. Now you, my boy, bear a name you have no reason to be ashamed of; but it is not yet one with which these editorial sportsmen would choose to "fish St. Grubby's brook."

It will be plain to you then that literature thus practised is a very different thing from the high ideal you have formed. For this reason I should hesitate to recommend any young man with high resolves and romantic aspirations to adopt literature as a livelihood. Successful he may be in the end; but he will only reach success through a thorny hedge of hopes deferred and illusions scattered; and life must ever be so full of disappointments that I am loth to let any advice of mine add to their list. Walter Scott's saying is truer now than it was even in his day: I do not feel sure that literature is a good stick; I am very sure that it is a bad crutch. If you have fixed to stand by your decision you must choose for your crutch some other wood than the laurel. For the heaven-born genius there is always room; but it will save you from many troubles if you can manage to doubt that

you are a genius until you have proved yourself one. My good friend Jack Massingbird (you like his novels, I know), who has for many years rejected my contributions with unswerving consistency, always assures me that literature (by which he seems to mean everything but fiction) does not pay; and certainly he gives the most practical adherence to his own creed. He is right, I think, to this extent, that pure literature does not pay, unless weighted with a name that is good in the market. No man nowadays will wake to find himself famous over whose head fame has not been bent like a tester over-night. Industrious friends may indeed puff an unknown writer into sudden notoriety; but those early monuments are not enduring. Take a typical instance; if the young Macaulay were to bounce "like a burnished fly in pride of May" upon the world to-morrow morning with his essay on Milton, he would not find his breakfast-table covered with invitations from all the best houses in London; nor is it possible to conceive Mr. Spurgeon, let us say, lying on the floor to verify with dictionary and grammar the parallel between the author of the "Divine Comedy" and the author of "Paradise Lost." There are not perhaps many Macaulays writing just now; but there are a great many writers who satisfy the public taste quite as well as Macaulay would now, or in his day did. The reading public, as you so often hear, and as I have myself reminded you, has enormously increased in these latter days; so has the electoral suffrage. I will not insult your intelligence by pushing my parallel further.

And now, I think that I have done. It is but little that I have done, but I told you that my service could be but negative. My observations have perhaps been somewhat vague; but you will remember that my knowledge of your qualifications for the profession you wish to adopt is necessarily also somewhat vague. Let me trust that the bearings of these observations may have at least something of the merit of Jack Bunsby's. I shall conclude with two practical pieces of wisdom, -- and they may go by this name, for they are not mine. This is one, written by Dr. Arnold to a lad at Oxford: "Consider that a young man has no means of becoming independent of the society about him. If you wish to exercise influence hereafter, begin by distinguishing yourself in the regular way, not by seeming to prefer a separate way of your own." The other is a reflection made by Macaulay, if my memory serves

me, in his journal, on a proposed Guild of Literature and Art, or some similar association. "The less," he wrote, "that we literary men see of each other, I think the better." This may strike you as a hard saying; but all, or nearly all, literary men (and this applies to all artists) have two natures; they have the common heritage of human nature, and they have besides the particular nature of their class. Among them it has been my fortune to meet with some of the best specimens of the former I have ever known; the latter is very earthy and not seldom very devilish. And so, my boy, your affectionate uncle bids you good-bye now, and good luck always.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DOGS IN GERMANY.

WHILE London dogs were lately doing penance for their liability to rabies, and their owners in many cases feeling restive at the arbitrary sweepingness of the muzzle rule, authorities in Germany were occupied in discussing the advisability of starting establishments for the treating of bitten persons on M. Pasteur's method. The conclusion arrived at alike by medical opinion and by the government seems to be that no such provision is at present needed in Germany, since, while cases of hydrophobia have become excessively and increasingly rare throughout the empire, rabies itself has been, for years past, so steadily and rapidly on the decline as to afford an almost certain presumption of its complete extinction at no distant date. A Bavarian paper lately closed a complacent commentary on this fact with the somewhat sarcastic remark that "by nations less happily situated in this respect it is small wonder that M. Pasteur's discovery has been hailed as singularly fraught with blessing, in so far as it offers them the chance of obviating the effects of their negligence in the matter of veterinary police control." By such weighted utterances, through its official and semi-official press, does the earnestly paternal government of the *Vaterland* continually endeavor to train up its child in the way he should go, and to forestall any half-hearted inclination he might have to stretch the wings of his individuality and try the experiment of departing from it. In Germany, as yet, the sovereign remedy for every evil is a government remedy; plenty of rigid laws; plenty of penalties;

more than plenty of officials; the burdening of the honest private citizen with a variety of little documents, each containing the whole duty of the German subject in the special matter to which it refers; and an endless series of compulsory periodical errands to the police station; to say nothing of the burden to the taxpayer involved in the multifarious expenses entailed by the whole machinery of protective supervision.

Britons, of course, never, never, never will be—managed, or believe in management, to this extent; and so far as the irritation felt by individuals at the recent police interference with the liberty of the British dog hints at any healthy, public-spirited conviction on the part of the British subject, let it meet with the sympathy it deserves. But, on the other hand, it is time that rabies ceased in Great Britain; and it was probably not public spirit, but the want of it, that inspired most of the opposition to the temporary regulation. The number of deaths from hydrophobia in London, in 1885, nearly trebled the average number for a long series of previous years; and though M. Pasteur in France may be depriving the malady of its chief horror, the proverb holds good that prevention is better than cure. All honor to the genius and perseverance of the great Frenchman, and, for the bitten, all hail to his beneficent discovery. But there should be no bitten—no mad dogs to bite. The sinister increase of the terrific disease throughout Europe, while it set M. Pasteur seeking for a cure, set "legislative" wisdom to work in the neighbor country to devise means for eradication of rabies by the universal imposition and unremitting enforcement of preventive measures throughout the empire; and, far behind us as are our German cousins in nearly every department of practical hygiene, it is plain fact that in this particular matter they have for the present got ahead of us. Let us see "how it's done;" we may yet catch them up.

The *Hundesteuergesetz* (as the Germans charmingly print it) is best known to the present writer as it obtains in Bavaria, where its regulations are as follows:—

No stray dogs, either in town or country, are allowed to exist. Every dog in the kingdom must have his legally responsible master, and must perpetually carry a metal *Zeichen*, or label, upon which is stamped, 1, the amount of the tax paid for the dog which wears it; 2, the dog's special number in the register of the district; and, 3, the date of the current year. Such

a Zeichen can only be obtained of the police authorities at the time of paying the tax.

The due tax must be paid by the dog's owner (or the latter's emissary) in person, at the chief police station of the district, directly the dog is three months old, and from that time forward, annually, within the first fortnight in January. On each occasion of payment the dog must himself be shown to the authorities, when note is made of his state of health by a veterinary police assistant. Omission of any part of this rule is punished by a fine equal to the amount of the required tax, which thus at once becomes doubled.

The amount of the tax varies with the locality. A country resident pays for his dog only three marks annually, while for dwellers in cities or large towns the tax is fifteen marks. Eleven towns in Bavaria are subject to this high tax. There are two intermediate amounts for smaller centres of population—nine marks and six marks respectively.

Upon buying or becoming possessed of your dog—should he already have reached the taxable age, you receive with him from his previous owner the latter's *Gebühren-Quittung*, a small document denoting that such and such a tax has been duly paid for the animal at the beginning of the current year. On this paper is entered the name, address, and status of the owner; as also a description of the dog,—primarily his number as registered in the police district to which he has hitherto belonged; further, his breed, age, sex, color, and any distinguishing mark (such as cropped ears, etc.,) which he may have about him. The little document contains, further, a printed abstract of those laws relating to the keeping of dogs which it concerns the owner to know, with the amount of fines imposed in case of non-observance. On the reverse side of the paper stands full and detailed information as to the symptoms of incipient rabies, with directions what to do in case such symptoms should appear, advice as to immediate steps to be taken should a human being be bitten, and a caution (not unneeded in superstitious Bavaria) against belief in charms, or "sympathy cures," or even in medicinal cures, as not only useless, but in so far dangerous as they tend to divert attention from the only practical measures which, instantly applied, might possibly be of service.

Having become possessed of your dog, you are required within fourteen days to take him on a chain before the local po-

lice officials, there to have your name and address registered as his owner, and to receive a new paper for him. Supposing a dog thus to change hands within the year, no further payment is required of the new owner for that year, and the dog meanwhile retains his old Zeichen and number in the register; unless, indeed, there be removal of the dog by his new master from a low-taxed to a high-taxed neighborhood.

To illustrate. It happened to me to buy a dog in a rural district. He of course bore his three-mark Zeichen, notifying the tax paid for him the previous January. I soon after removed him to Munich, when one of the first things that happened was the losing of his Zeichen, which became disengaged from his collar. Upon trotting him before the police to get him a new label, I found that it was not only necessary to register him as a new-comer, but that the tax that year paid for him as a country dog was insufficient. It was necessary to pay the full difference, as if for the whole year, namely, a surplus of twelve marks, although we were already in August, and I was informed that the charge would have been doubled had I not happened to come before the authorities within a fortnight of my arrival in the city. (One is always making little discoveries of this kind in Germany, too late, or not too late, as the chance may be.) The veterinary personage in attendance examined the dog, and finding him healthy, handed me a printed certificate of his soundness up to the date of inspection.

As often as a change of residence occurs must this troublesome process of re-registering be gone through. Even foreigners making only a temporary stay in Germany must, if accompanied by a dog, have him inspected and registered within fourteen days of arrival in a locality.

An English reader, unaccustomed to any such intrusively omniscient system of supervision, may imagine that it would be easy to evade many of these despotic rules. But it is not so. The only rule comparatively easy to evade, and which sometimes is evaded, is the registering of a puppy and payment of his tax within fourteen days of his reaching the age of three months. Owners often wait till next January, and then understate the animal's age by a few months, in order to avoid paying their tax twice within a twelve-month; and the curious coincidence that all young dogs in Germany chance to be three months old in January

is charitably winked at by authorities. As to the other rules, the existence of the numbered entry in the police register makes it at once apparent if a given dog be not brought up at the right time. Delay in payment results in official demand for the amount of the tax, with the fine attached; or else for the surrender of the dog, to be destroyed.

The Zeichen tells a further tale. Any one knowing the regulations needs not to be a policeman to see at a glance whether a dog crossing the street on the 15th of January has or has not had his tax paid; also, if paid, whether in this or that class of district; and this without need to examine the figures stamped on the Zeichen. For the *color* of the latter tells the year; all labels throughout the country being one year of brass, the next of copper, the next of white metal, and so forth; while the *shape* of the Zeichen—round, oblong, shield-shaped, or square—is common to one class of district only, and thus indicates the *amount* of the tax that has been paid.

The dog must, of course, wear his Zeichen perpetually. Should he appear outside the house without it, he is at least liable to be captured by a policeman, in which case he can only be recovered, if at all, upon payment of a fine. Indeed, it is not even necessary for a policeman to see him in order to fine you. It is enough if any one reports the omission. A gentleman lately bought a dog of a country innkeeper, in whose house he was lodging. A few mornings later the dog slipped out into the village before his collar had been put on. A peasant, who knew nothing of the animal's change of master, but who bore a grudge against the innkeeper, triumphantly brought the truant home on a string, and skulked off to inform. The result was a notice despatched by the local policeman to the central police station in a neighboring town, which notice brought an official demand for fine and costs, to be paid through the *Bürgermeister* of the village where the offence had taken place.

Should a dog on the occasion of one of his visits to the authorities be found either aged or hopelessly sickly, he is at once ruthlessly condemned to death. You must go home without him; decrepit dogs are not allowed in Bavaria.

Muzzles are not universally essential, though there are three cases in which their use is compulsory. (1) Dogs of the larger breeds must either be led on a chain or muzzled in the public streets, simply on

the ground that, apart from disease, their strength might enable them, if enraged, to injure persons or other dogs. (2) If any one can report your dog as snappish with strangers, you may be compelled to muzzle him henceforward. (3) On the appearance of a case of rabies a mandate is of course issued to the public, requiring the muzzling of all dogs for a term of months. Any dog even suspected of incipient rabies is at once confiscated, and destroyed by the authorities.*

Such are the existing discouragements to dog-keeping in Bavaria. With the primary object of ridding the country of hydrophobia, and perhaps the secondary one of enriching the exchequer, the Hundesteuergesetz has rendered the dearest of dumb friends a troublesome and expensive luxury; and that among a people comparatively so poor and so economical as the Bavarians, the number of highly taxed dogs remains, proportionately to population, as large as it is, seems at first sight inconsistent with the otherwise striking absence of luxury in all departments of life. One may sometimes walk in the principal streets of Munich for hours without chancing to meet a single private carriage, and a civilian on horseback is so rare a sight that people stand still and stare after him. Meanwhile the large number of dogs about the streets catches the eye at once. Of the larger kinds, St. Bernards, sporting dogs, and the large un-English breed of creature called for some occult Teuton reason the *englischer Dogge*, are favorites, while there seems no end to the dachshunds, poodles, Spitzes, pugs, and terriers. Bulldogs are by no means rare; and naturally, among a majority of animals suggesting some breed and price, there is a due sprinkling of mongrels no less beloved by their special masters. Dog-fancying is much on the increase in Germany, and the annual shows in the principal cities (though not to compare with English exhibitions) witness to increasing knowledge of what is what in matters of canine race and beauty.

The fact is that there is no luxury (except his beer) of which the average Bavarian is so little disposed to count the cost

* Lord Mount Temple's recent suggestion in the House of Lords that there should be a complete register of all persons who take out dog licenses, as also a number for each dog, to be worn on its collar, approaches the system described in the text as having been in force in Germany for the last eleven years. Considering the character of the evil assailed, there seemed a strange want of English thoroughness in last year's limitation of the temporary muzzling to metropolitan dogs. Viscount Cranbrook's Select Committee will doubtless do full justice to this view of the subject.

as his dog. The general tenderness for dumb creatures throughout the country is marked in many ways, and the dog especially is a centre of kindly notice, from friends and strangers alike, whenever he comes and goes. Nevertheless the tax and the trouble he entails are felt; and within the ten years that have elapsed since the Hundesteuergesetz has been in force the relative number of dogs kept in Bavaria has fallen from one in sixteen to one in twenty-six of the population. As each new year approaches, it becomes a question in many a thrifty household whether circumstances justify the renewal of the tax, and such a question lately found an amusing solution in the town of Bamberg. Dispute waxing high round the family table, the head of the household hit upon the idea of appealing to chance to decide the dog's right to further maintenance, and accordingly bought him a ticket in one of the public lotteries so common throughout Germany. The *Loos* proved a lucky one, and Hektor won three hundred marks, which sum was forthwith set apart as his special property, enabling him for the future to pay his own expenses, including the tax entitling him to existence.

In Munich alone, without taking count of the many pups too young to be taxed, the number of dogs registered last year (1886) was 5,282; no inconsiderable number in a town of some two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, considering that the amount of the tax is just double that paid by Londoners for their dogs. Only two animals were confiscated and killed, on account of their tax remaining unpaid. Fourteen were, however, destroyed as unhealthy or aged.

But now as to the effect of this cumbersome mass of regulations with regard to the extirpation of rabies. Before the institution of the Hundesteuergesetz the malady was very prevalent in Bavaria. Herr O. Bollinger, writing to the *Münchener Medizinische Wochenschrift*, gives the following particulars. In 1873 no less than 821 rabid or suspected dogs were reported. The law as it now stands was put in force on the 2nd of June, 1876; it therefore operated during the second half only of that year. Nevertheless the total number of rabid or suspected dogs for 1876 was only 241. From 1876 forward the annual number decreased steadily, and so rapidly that in 1884 and 1885, respectively, only nine and eleven such dogs were notified.

Meanwhile, as to the protection afforded

to the public, the results of the Gesetz are even more satisfactory. From 1863 to 1876 the annual number of deaths from hydrophobia registered in Bavaria was never less than 14, varying mostly from 14 to 18 *per annum*, while in single years the number rose much higher—23, 29, and 31 cases being severally recorded. In 1875—the year before the law came into force—the number of hydrophobic deaths was 23. The following year, the latter six months of which were protected by the Gesetz, there were only 13. Since 1879 there has never been more than one death from hydrophobia annually recorded throughout the kingdom—oftener none at all, *only three cases in all having occurred in the whole period of seven years that has since elapsed*.* Thus, while the effect of the measures taken has been within ten years to reduce the actual number of dogs kept in Bavaria by only something less than one-third, it has reduced the number of dangerous dogs in the proportion of one (in 1885) to 90 (in 1875). The annual list of human victims meanwhile has ceased to occur. Instead of a dismal tale of from 14 to 31 hydrophobic deaths in twelve months, as in the thirteen years before the law came into existence, we have had, for seven out of ten years that the law has worked, a human death-rate from this cause amounting to only one victim in two years and four months. And this in a population of five and a half millions! Danger to human life from this horrible malady is thus shown to have already become infinitesimal in Bavaria. Similar results have followed similar regulations throughout the rest of Germany. In Prussia and Saxony rabies is reported as all but extinct.

Other European countries meanwhile have made no progress in the same direction. Fifty persons were bitten by rabid or suspected dogs in Vienna alone, within the first eight months of 1884, and of these eight are known to have died of hydrophobia. In London the annual average of deaths from the disease between the years 1875–85 was 6, rising in 1877 to 13; and in the first ten months of 1885 the number suddenly rose to 19—a state of things parallel to that which existed in Bavaria ten years earlier. In the department of the Seine, according to M. Pasteur, no less than 515 persons were bitten by rabid, or probably rabid, dogs in course of the six years 1878–83, and of these,

* The statistics in this paper are those up to January, 1886—after the taking of the dog census of that date.

81 succumbed to hydrophobia, giving an average of rather more than 13 in each year.

To return to Germany. Taking Herr Bollinger's figures as presumably accurate, we are not merely led to this conclusion (shared by the German local and imperial governments) that there is no present need for the systematic introduction of M. Pasteur's system into Germany, but the belief seems to receive fresh confirmation that in Europe rabies does *not* appear spontaneously, nor spread epidemically, but arises and is disseminated solely through the bite of an animal already affected by the disease. There having been at the outset no period of universal muzzling in Germany, the extirpation of the evil has, of course, had no chance of being sudden or complete at a stroke; the law, as it exists, not being such as to render healthy dogs absolutely safe from attack during the days that an incipiently rabid animal may remain at large before its symptoms excite suspicion. And when a case of rabies is noted, the period (of, I believe, two months) during which general local muzzling is commanded, is shorter than seems warranted by the known peculiarity of the malady. Still, the regulations being what they are, and providing for frequent veterinary observation of every dog in the country, the decrease of the disease has been not only rapid, but so *free from fluctuations* as distinctly to discredit the notion, still upheld in some quarters, that its generation may be due to unhealthy physical or atmospheric conditions, apart from the direct communication of virus through the saliva of a rabid animal. The balance of evidence lying the way it does in Germany, there seems to be ample justification for the recent temporary infliction of the muzzle in London; a fetter which, with all its drawbacks and its inconveniences for dog and master, is yet the least of two evils; and meanwhile the only certain means of effecting entire eradication of the dire disease within a short space of time. Though in Germany great results have followed measures short of it in stringency, it has only been at the cost of time and of endless trouble to citizens, incessant dictation from officials, and an expensive array of fines and taxes. English people, as before remarked, could certainly never endure this or any part of the petty and intrusive interference which comes only too naturally to the suppressed individuality of the German subject. The London rule of the muzzle was sim-

pler, swifter, more direct; and should that theory of rabies which it takes for granted be the correct one, why should it not speedily justify itself in results eclipsing those of the *Hundesteuergesetz*? Were it to be further extended to the whole of the kingdom, or supplemented by measures regulating the conveyance of animals from one place to another, it seems likely that, although later in the field, Great Britain might outstrip Germany before the race is ended, and be the first European nation to show a year's register, alike with regard to rabies and hydrophobia, with nothing but ciphers upon it. Some permanent restriction to provide against the chance of importing incipient rabies from countries less effectually guarded might help the country to retain the immunity so won.*

The dog plays a conspicuous social part in German life. He has a thoroughly good time of it. Unaware of the arbitrary human rules on which his tenure of life depends, he takes his place as well-treated servant or family darling. The law protecting him from human cruelty or harshness is older than that which makes him a taxable luxury. When Germany became compacted to an empire, one of the laws issued to the peoples of the *Bund* condemned to arrest or to payment of a fine not exceeding fifty thalers (7*l.* 10*s.*) any one who "publicly, or in an indignation-arousing manner, maliciously torments or roughly maltreats dumb animals." For the effectual carrying out of this law there exists a *Thierschutzverein* (similar in constitution to and identical in aim with the English Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), through whose agency offenders are brought to justice.

Dogs are, however, still put to draft-work in Germany. Milk-carts, laundress's carts, and other small vehicles are very frequently drawn either by a dog alone or by a dog and man side by side. The animal pulls from his chest; he goes to work cheerfully, wagging his tail, and looking

* It must not be forgotten that, be the laws relating to dogs never so efficient, rabies is a disease to which other animals are liable. While this article is in progress comes an account of five peasant children in a secluded Bavarian village bitten by a rabid cat, and sent to Paris by a neighboring Lady Bountiful for treatment by M. Pasteur. A cat may bite a dog; so that absolute immunity from canine rabies cannot be predicted as a consequence of the most perfect dog-keeping regulations; nor could the appearance of rabies in a dog be unanswerably attributed to spontaneous irritating causes, until means should be found of protecting him not only against attack from unhealthy members of his own species, but against all the cats in his neighborhood as well.

about him like the intelligent, sympathetic creature he is; and of course a word is sufficient to guide him. These servant dogs are mostly very affectionately treated, at any rate in south Germany; and seldom appear at all distressed. It is a question whether any physical endurance of the kind involved in the dog's incomplete fitness of build for such work is not to a well-treated animal made amends for in the keen pleasure most obviously afforded to the canine intelligence in doing what he can, and in obeying the will of a human friend. The breed of dog oftenest put to draft-work is the great smooth-haired, grey, yellow, or brindled *Dogge*, but other large kinds are also harnessed.

Formerly, in Bavaria, and still more recently in Austria, dogs figured also in the army. Each regiment possessed its Nero or Cæsar, whose office was to march with the band on all occasions, in peace and war alike, drawing the big drum on wheels during the playing of the music. The animals so used acquired the most perfect precision of pace, never bringing the drummer out of line, or his drumming out of time, and meanwhile understanding and responding to the officer's command as to direction, etc., as promptly as the men themselves. To the south-German love of dumb animals this pretty eccentricity was doubtless due; a regimental dog implied a regiment of men; the military unit was still allowed to show itself a thing of flesh and blood. As Germany grew more distinctively martial, and learnt to talk in a big voice about *Eisen*, the custom was, as a matter of course, disallowed, appearing too sentimental to be in keeping with so trim and grim an engine as her improved army.

The dog, however, though banished from military life as a fanciful accessory, has just been recalled to fill a sterner and more responsible position; trained dogs are to be henceforth employed as military scouts and messengers, and should war occur, there will doubtless be stories enough of their truth to trust, and intelligence in emergency.

Many readers are doubtless aware that the dog plays an elegant part in German university life. Each *corps* of students has its large aristocratic-looking canine attendant, whose expenses are shared by the members of the corps, the students in turn undertaking for a week at a time the custody of the dog and the providing of his keep. "These superb favorites of the students are" — in the words of the author of "Dr. Claudius" — "as well known as

the professors themselves to every inhabitant of a university town in Germany." They accompany their corps everywhere, trotting with the procession of droschkes in which these gay-capped, sleek, and spectacled youths are wont to take the air; or gravely parading the cafés where they spend long afternoons smoking, billiard-playing, and drinking *Weissbier*.

The practice of cropping the ears and tails of puppies is nearly universal, and a pleasanter usage is the annual shearing. Not only poodles, but all the shaggy breeds, from the biggest St. Bernard to the tiniest Maltese terrier, are shorn more or less fancifully at the beginning of the summer; some kinds looking the smarter for it, others extremely ridiculous. The effect is perhaps absurdest in the case of the Spitz terrier. But the object is the dog's comfort and cleanliness during the hot and dusty season, and the practice has much to recommend it. The German is a great believer in animal diet, for his dog as for himself. Not that the sale of cat's or dog's meat forms a distinct branch of business as in England. Every one has heard of the thrifty German in London who, misunderstanding the office of the cat's meat man, wrote home to his friends in cheerful surprise at the cheapness of living in London, describing how just enough meat for one's dinner was very conveniently brought to the door every morning on a little stick, costing only one penny! As a matter of fact, not only horse-flesh, but sundry portions of the sheep or pig, which the Anglo-Saxon generally reserves for four-footed consumers, are bought and sold by his less gastronomic but more economical cousins, to be served up for dinner in poorer families, or to be converted into some one of the mysterious forms of eatable known as *Press-sack*, *Leberkäs*, etc., which, turn and turn about with better material, are bought by the pennyworth for supper at the *charcutier's* shop. The German dog is seldom fed on anything specially designed for him, but gets the cooked scraps and leavings of the family meal.

There being no strays throughout the length and breadth of Germany, nothing in the way of a dogs' home either exists or is needed. Lost dogs are taken to the police station, where their *Zeichen* affords ready information as to their home and ownership. The German grudges his favorite no comfort, and takes a pride in his education, as in keeping him smart and healthy. Establishments abound for the washing, shearing, cropping, and training

of dogs; pups are often literally sent to school by their owners for a few months, to persons who make it their profession to train them in duties and accomplishments, often with astonishing result. There are no chronically ailing, no pitifully aged animals — the law, as I have shown, not unkindly providing against that; and one never sees an ill-fed or cowed-looking specimen anywhere. In short, in a country where the conditions of human life are as yet very far from being either felicitous or ideal, canine misery can hardly be said to exist; and among the dumb races of earth that have come under human jurisdiction, no class of creature probably has a better time of it from first to last than the nineteenth-century German dog. L. S. GUGGENBERGER.

From St. James's Gazette.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE PIANO.

PIANISTS are entitled quite as much as poets to be considered an "irritable race;" though wonderful examples of patience have been given by a few of them. But even these exceptional instances of endurance have taken an irritating form; as in the case of the daily concerts of pianoforte music given early in the morning for an entire week by Herr Buels, who in this highly original manner commemorated her Majesty's Jubilee. Our so-called "morning concerts" begin, as a rule, at three or half past three in the afternoon; and there was unquestionable novelty in arranging for early risers a series of after-breakfast concerts at half past eleven. Herr Buels is a pianist of merit and a prolific composer; and he was quite correct in fixing upon the hours between breakfast and lunch as during the London season the only ones unoccupied by the givers of musical and dramatic entertainments.

Just about the time when Herr Buels was arranging his forenoon concerts in London, a north of England pianist, Mr. N. Bird, gave at Stockton a concert of pianoforte music which, whatever its other claims to consideration may have been, must certainly be pronounced the longest on record. Instead of looking out like Herr Buels for unoccupied hours, Mr. Bird took in the whole day and the entire night. His entertainment lasted twenty-five hours, during which time he played without ceasing. Nor was the concert — we use the word advisedly — at all monotonous; for the audience from time to

time, when the nature of the pianoforte music admitted of it, joined in with their voices. Sometimes Mr. Bird played dance music; and then, that his efforts might be turned to the best possible account, the more light-footed among his hearers executed waltzes and polkas. He started in high spirits with "God Save the Queen," and with "God Save the Queen" finished his performance. But between his two presentations of the national anthem he must, in spite of the sympathetic co-operation of the volunteer singers and dancers, have experienced more than one weary hour. In the silence of the night he still pursued his arduous task, with no one to listen to his nocturnes but a loving wife and a committee of watchers appointed to see fair play. The full conditions of this match against time have not been made public; but from a statement in a local paper to the effect that at the finish Mr. Bird was "fairly going it," it may be argued that his goings on were fair. The fact is chronicled that he played with his coat off; which looks like rapid business. But whether he was limited by any rules as to *tempi* does not appear. Otherwise, for a preternaturally long innings there are few pianistic athletes who would not prefer a series of simple slow movements to a series of complicated quick ones; and a course of some of the more difficult of Liszt's pieces would in much less time than twenty-five hours break down even such a robust player as Mr. N. Bird. It is evident, however, that Mr. Bird took an honest pride in executing his work thoroughly. Sleep he had to do without, of course; the food difficulty was got over by the pianist's playing with one hand while he fed himself with the other. It is recorded that his faithful wife was ever present with sandwiches, biscuits, fruit, ice, and cold brandy and water.

Mr. Bird's contest against time and against physical fatigue began at nine o'clock in the evening; and the large hall in which he was operating became quite full towards nine on the evening following. Those who had seen the beginning of the match wished naturally to witness the end; and, as the interested listeners and lookers-on arrived, eager inquiries were made as to Mr. Bird's bodily condition. He was still considered "fit;" and the only sign that occasioned anxiety to his backers was the state of his hands, in which a slight crescendo movement had taken place. A little after nine he declared that the swollen condition of his

hands rendered his work rather tiring. But this may have been only a ruse for encouraging his adversaries; for it is only reasonable to assume that in a sporting society like that of Stockton Mr. Bird's performance had been made the subject of bets. The period of depression, real or feigned, did not, however, last long; and at half past nine Mr. Bird was once more in good form, playing "briskly," and appealing to the tastes of his now crowded audience by performances of popular songs, which drew forth a fair measure of choral support. When the judge's clock marked the hour of ten the enthusiasm of the public expressed itself in loud cheers, and Mr. Bird was officially informed that he had won his wager. The successful performer now made a speech in which he informed the public that he had "read of things of the kind being done in India," and that what was done there could also, he thought, be done by an Englishman. He then began to praise the piano he had been playing on, just as a jockey might praise the horse on which he had won a race—a suspicion, however, being here raised as to the true motive of the performance; which, in the opinion of some, had for its object the advertising of a particular brand of pianofortes.

Supposing that Mr. Bird undertook his extraordinary performance chiefly for the benefit of the instrument he was playing upon, or rather of its makers, it must be admitted that he tried it severely in the matter of wear and tear; and that it must have been solid indeed if he had not by his five-and-twenty hours' constant hammering knocked it a good deal out of tune. This was a better test than the almost illusory one which is gone through when a pianoforte, first-rate or second-rate, is played upon by a first-rate or second-rate player. The public finds it difficult to say how much of the tone produced is due to the piano and how much to the pianist; though it is generally safe to assume that no pianist of high character would consent to play on a piano unworthy of his talent. Pianists have, indeed, been known to denounce pianos on which they have somehow been made to play in spite of themselves, and not only to denounce them but to load them with contumely and scorn. When Dr. Hans von Bülow, in the course of a tour through the United States, found that he was being turned to advertising account in connection with certain American pianofortes which he had once loved but now hated, he removed from the end of the piano the board inscribed with the

maker's name and kicked it about the platform; after which he required the vocalist and the violinist associated with him in the concert to do the same. M. de Pachmann was quite as emphatic in the contempt and horror which he once manifested, at a Glasgow concert, of a piano by a very good maker, which may or may not have been good itself. After detaching the name-board from the instrument, he held it up to the public gaze and jeered at it. Then he struck a note on this piano of his abhorrence, and with a shudder, as of pain, pressed to his ear the hand that was free.

On another occasion—also at Glasgow, but in a private house—Dr. von Bülow, having been asked by his hostess what he thought of her piano, replied in these words: "Madame, your piano leaves something to be desired. It needs new strings," he added, in answer to the lady's inquiries as to what it really required. "The hammers, too, want new leather," he continued, "and, while you are about it, to the new leather you may as well have new wood. Then, when the inside of your piano has been completely renovated," he concluded—having now worked himself into a rage—"call in two strong men, throw it out of window, and burn it in the street."

It must be said in defence of Dr. von Bülow's seeming rudeness that he had been asked out to dinner and set down to the piano the moment he had finished his meal. "J'ai si peu mangé!" exclaimed Chopin imploringly in a like situation. But the case is even worse when a pianist has dined well and is called upon to play while digestion is going on.

From The Daily News.

THE PLETHORA OF FRUIT.

"GRUBBING" in orchardists' parlance signifies uprooting. The necessity for the destruction of orchards in Kent may be locally inconvenient, but if we take a broad glance over a great subject the circumstances on which you comment in your leader are not to be seriously deplored—at least so far as the "grubbing" is concerned, the method of disposing of fruit being quite another matter. Kent is famed for its orchards, and undoubtedly some of them yield fine fruit, but not all; and those trees that bear good crops of superior fruit will not be destroyed. This orchard grubbing, that may at the first

sight appear unfortunate, is a hopeful sign, indicating, as it does, the recognition of an important fact, namely — that low-grade or inferior fruit can no longer be profitably grown in this country. It may be asserted, with the greatest confidence in the accuracy of the statement, that there are thousands of trees, even hundreds of acres of orchards, in Great Britain that simply encumber the ground; and it is the trashy character of their produce that lowers the average quality of home-grown fruit so seriously as to afford such a splendid opportunity for American growers to compete successfully in our markets. Far more deplorable than the grubbing of a few orchards in Kent is the fact that enterprising transatlantic cultivators practically "hold the field" in the market supply in this country of the most serviceable of all fruit — apples. Not last year only, when the English apple crop was light, but every year barrels of American apples abound in London and all large cities and towns; and more than this, and more significant, they have precedence in country towns and villages, where there is land all around that would grow equally good fruit if young orchards of the best varieties alone were established. The fruit trees in many English orchards and gardens are gaunt, gnarled, canker-eaten, lichen-laden spectres — picturesque, no doubt, but not capable of affording fine, juicy, well-fed fruit, even if the varieties were good, and it is quite a matter of chance whether they are or not, the inferior usually predominating. Our successful competitors "over the water" saw the coming collapse of the British fruit supply. They perceived the deteriorating orchards, observed the negligence in planting the best

market sorts extensively and systematically, and made provision for supplying the deficiency in their own distant land. They have done the work well, and now have extensive orchards of thrifty trees in the zenith of vigor, of sorts that command attention by their size, symmetry, and appearance; and they can afford to pay higher rates for wages than prevail in this country for the labor requisite in cultivating, gathering, and packing the crops; then, further, afford to send them three or four thousand miles to market profitably, while tons of a British fruit grown on British soil cannot be disposed of at anything approaching a remunerative price. As to "soft" fruit — plums, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries — that which is converted into jam should be preserved, so to say, "on the spot." The waste and loss incurred in sending thousands of tons of raw fruit to London and other popular centres to be boiled down and "mixed" must be enormous. The next time Mr. Gladstone raises his powerful voice on the jam question it is to be hoped he will be able to show that it is better to take bags of imperishable sugar to the fruit than to convey perishable fruit to the sugar. Lord Sudeley's fruit is converted into jam "on the premises." His lordship is not, I think, grubbing up orchards and diminishing his fruit supply, but rather increasing it; and I should not be surprised if his "takings" for raw fruit during the past year were nearer £10,000 than £5,000. There is no reason to "fear the foreigner" in the production of hardy fruit if we make the best of our resources at home.

J. WRIGHT,

Assistant Editor of the *Journal of Horticulture*.

PROTECTION TO HEARING.—According to Dr. Samuel Sexton, of New York, there is probably no better protection for the ear, when under cannon fire, than a firm wad of cotton wool well pushed into the external auditory canal. Dr. Sexton says that it is the experience of many officers that the vibrations of great intensity which are given off from some field-pieces and bursting shells, charged with high explosives, are more disagreeable than the heavier sounds of great guns. The metal itself vibrates under these circumstances similarly to a tuning-fork. A very disagreeable jar is imparted to the temporo-maxillary articulation when the individual is near a great gun which is being fired off. This is lessened, it is believed, by standing on the toes and

leaning forward. Some simple precaution to be employed by officers and men during artillery practice would seem very much needed, since aural shock is not only painful and distressing, but orders cannot be well heard while the confusion lasts. In suggesting the use of a wad of wool, Dr. Sexton believes that harm can seldom take place from pressure of air from within, since it is known that the violent introduction of air into the tympanum from the throat, by means of Politzer's method of inflation, seldom ruptures the drum-head, though, if such a volume of air were suddenly driven into the external auditory canal, the drum-head would, in nearly all cases, be ruptured.

Iron.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1887 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-fourth year. It has met with the constant commendation of the leading men and journals of the country, and with uninterrupted success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted, The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature, the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

OPINIONS.

"The best of all the serial publications. . . It presents all that is best, most interesting, and profitable to be found in the current literature of the day. The reader is kept abreast with the best thought of the age, political, scientific, and literary, while there is just fiction enough interspersed between the more solid papers to be restful and entertaining. To our mind, THE LIVING AGE has no equal, and we cannot see where it could be improved."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"The aim of the conductors is to give the best and freshest thought of the time; and in this they are succeeding now, as for so many years, to the great satisfaction and profit of a multitude of at once acting and satisfied readers."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"It contains nearly all the good literature of the time. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. . . It is a library in itself."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"To have THE LIVING AGE is to hold the keys of the entire world of thought, of scientific investigation, psychological research, critical note, of poetry and romance. . . It has never been so bright, so comprehensive, so diversified in interest, as it is to-day."—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

"Every volume attests anew the care and discrimination and catholic taste of its conductors. . . Nearly the whole world of authors and writers appear in it in their best moods. . . Art, science, and literature find fresh and eloquent expression in its pages, from the pens of the best writers of the day; and the reader is kept well abreast of the current thought of the age."—*Boston Journal.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."—*Albany Argus.*

"It is one of the publications that intelligent people regard as practically indispensable. From its pages one learns what the world is thinking about. . . It is an education in itself, as well as an entertainment."—*Hartford Courant.*

"The American reader who wishes to keep the run of English periodical literature can do so in no other way so thoroughly and cheaply as by taking THE LIVING AGE."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Terribly should we miss its familiar russet garb, its exterior by no means revealing its true inwardness of poetry, history, philosophy, and romance. It is without a peer, with hardly a second."—*Lowell Courier.*

"Through its pages alone, it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"A grand repository of the literature of the age. . . It has become indispensable."—*New-York Observer.*

"The subscription price is slight in comparison with the mass of the best current literature which it brings with it in its weekly visits. . . In fact, a reader needs no more than this one publication to keep him well abreast of English periodical literature."—*Sunday-School Times, Philadelphia.*

"Foremost of the eclectic periodicals."—*New-York World.*

"It is a necessity for those who, with no great amount of time available for literary reading, wish to keep fully abreast with the literature of the day."—*The Interior, Chicago.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburg.*

"It saves not only time, but money."—*Pacific Churchman, San Francisco.*

"It is absolutely without a rival. . . Coming once a week, it gives, while yet fresh, the productions of the foremost writers of the day. . . Essay and review, biography, travel, science, fiction, poetry, the best of each and all is here placed within reach. To neglect such an opportunity of keeping pace with the thought of our day, and of laying by a rich store of the best literature, would, it seems to us, be a grave mistake."—*Montreal Gazette.*

"It keeps well up its reputation for being the best periodical in the world."—*Morning Star, Wilmington, N.C.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

["Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*]

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or Harper's Weekly or Bazar) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the St. Nicholas, postpaid.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit: for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

The New-York Observer says:—

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

The American Christian Review, Cincinnati, says:—

"This magazine is by all odds the finest literary production of the times. When it arrives we lay aside all other literary matter until we have feasted our mind on its rich and rare fare. It is indispensable to our weekly repast of reading. We always expect to find in its teeming pages something fresh and original, and of more than ordinary worth, which we find nowhere else in all the domain of literature."

The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

The Living Church, Chicago, says:—

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

The New-York Tribune says:—

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

The Times, Philadelphia, says:—

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money: in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

The North American, Philadelphia, says:—

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Richmond Whip says:—

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

The Albany Argus says:—

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

The Cincinnati Gazette says it is

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

The Montreal Gazette says it is

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

The Indianapolis Journal says it

"Grows better as the years roll on."

The Boston Journal says:—

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

The Boston Traveller says:—

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, better is the end of this thing than the beginning."

The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is

"The oldest and the best."

ADDRESS

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.